

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on
 Jesse's Having It Both Ways
 —See page 62

NATIONAL REVIEW

MG0770202703 P 026 I

MR. E. ROY SMITH
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one (1) black

one (1) woman

two (2) Jews

one (1) cripple

one (1) Hispanic

one (1) Chink

one (1) Vietnamese

two (2) Indians

one (1) Tiuna del Fuogan

The Underhandedness
 of
 Affirmative Action

by Harvey C. Mansfield, Jr.

Also in this issue: Ernest van den Haag on the Bouvia Case
 F. Reid Buckley on Socialist Spain
 A Whittaker Chambers Get-Together





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NATIONAL REVIEW



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It's an insult to self-government. It amounts to a standing accusation against all white males. It contradicts its own avowed premises. Yet we continue to countenance it.

Harvey C. Mansfield Jr.



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Cover design by Colleen Lawlor



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executive health

the report that briefs you on what to watch

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Helen C. Jones:

ON MARIJUANA RECONSIDERED

What executives should know—for their families, employees, themselves—about the latest scientific findings on our most widely used illicit drug and its effects

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: A 1977 Executive Health report on marijuana by the late Dr. Hardin Jones, Senior Scientist at the University of California's renowned Donner Laboratory of Medical Research, had the greatest demand for reprints and for permission to reproduce of any report in the 20 year history of Executive Health. Readers' desire for information on marijuana persists. In this present report, Helen C. (Mrs. Hardin) Jones carrying on the work in which she participated with her husband and co-author of a soon-to-be-published book, "The Marijuana Question—and Science's Search for An Answer," briefs you on the latest research insights into "pot" and its effects, including the little-appreciated fact that it is now a far more potent drug than it was originally.

"To a degree never seen before, the U.S. has a monkey on its back," a national news magazine reported a few months ago about "a drug problem reaching into every region, every age group, every social class." It was speaking in terms of alcohol, cocaine, marijuana and more—but it might well have been equally justified in saying the same of marijuana alone.

According to national surveys, marijuana today is by far the most widely used illicit drug in this country. At the beginning of the drug movement in the mid-60's only a small fraction of the adult population had ever

tried marijuana. Now the figures are 64% for those 18 to 25 and 23% for the 26 and over group. Although there has been a slight downward trend in the number of younger users since 1979, the number of users 26 or older continues to rise. In the last month, 8.6 million in the older age group have smoked marijuana, according to the latest national survey.

For several years, parents have been expressing alarm at *changes in children* associated with marijuana use — as one articulate mother has put it: "the deterioration of personality and physical condition

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LETTERS

Straight Cable

Thanks for the excellent nuts-and-bolts article, "Gutter Politics in the Global Village," by Richard Armstrong [April 20], on the political uses of cable TV. *NR*'s theoretical or philosophical articles are always interesting, but it's nice to see something practical too. The article was fair warning to conservative candidates running this year. It would be a shame if conservatives lost by default, through ignorance of modern technology. I for one hope that I can bypass the liberal news media, and get my information on this election straight—on cable.

Catherine Venable Moore
 New York, N.Y.

Name-Calling

I expected that my views on reindustrialization [April 6] would be controversial, and I welcome open discussion. It is no surprise that economists disagree, even conservative economists. *NR* has provided a matchless forum for such debates over the years. However, when Milton Friedman refers to "Hawkins and his fellow socialists" I must cry, Foul! This is a mere resort to name-calling and is unworthy of Professor Friedman. It is an attempt to pre-empt debate rather than engage in it.

Socialism is based on two main points: 1) the abolition of private ownership of the means of production, and 2) the redistribution of wealth and power on the basis of equality. I hold neither view. In fact, I consider the second point to be the most foolish and dangerous ever to be raised in political philosophy. I do have a "collectivist" loyalty to the United States, but that is more accurately termed nationalism. It is common for leftists to brand as "fascist" (or "crypto-fascist" in one famous incident) anything with which they disagree, but do those on the Right have to copy such behavior by an indiscriminate hurling of the epithet "socialist" over every point of contention?

Failure to draw proper distinctions destroys the meaning of words, thus making reasoned discussion impossible. Unfortunately, slips like Professor Friedman's are not uncommon. That is one reason why economics continues to be the Achilles heel of conservatism.

William R. Hawkins
 Radford, Va.

Be Good, Be Better

In a recent "For the Record" [March 9], in listing mayors who had endorsed Mondale, the writer alluded to Philadelphia Mayor Wilson B. Goode. His correct name is W. Wilson Goode. The W. stands for Willie. The author apparently lapsed into thoughts of the Chuck Berry rock 'n' roll hit of the Fifties, "Johnny B. Good."

Best wishes. Keep 'em flyin'.

Jim Panyard
 Upper Darby, Pa.

Coming Up . . .

My compliments to Mr. Williamson for his thoughtful review of my book, *America by the Throat* ["The Right Books," March 9]. In a few words, he gives a fair and surprisingly broad summary of my case against bureaucracy.

My emphasis on the "economic argument" should not be narrowly understood. The profit principle as I defined it spans all human urges to self-betterment: spiritual and aesthetic as well as material. From this impulse we not only bake our bread but erect our cathedrals. It is in this larger sense that our freedom is the contrapositive to bureaucratic coercion, as the organizing principle of society (the focus of the book). There are no other alternatives. It was essential to contrast the two modes in detail. I concluded that either we defend society organized by free choice and contract and informed by moral law, or bureaucracy will ultimately march us into military dictatorship. History appears to offer no escape from this doom.

Mr. Williamson is surely correct that a "rationalistic and positivistic ethos" impels our age into the bureaucratic anthill; and correct again that I did not pursue my quarry that far into the fever swamps. In *America by the Throat*, I undertook nothing so ambitious. However, I believe the time has come for a penetrating look at the "whole picture," and I am at work on a modest contribution to that effort . . .

George Roche
 Hillsdale, Mich.

Ripe and Ready

Conservatives continue to write off my state as a lost cause ["Reagan Today," by John McLaughlin, March 9]. I could tear my hair out.

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"Brilliant, densely textured, intellectually challenging... skillfully compressed... powerfully cautionary book." — Edmund Fuller, *Wall St. Journal*

"Rip-roaring survey of the pathology of modern relativism... provocative." — *Time*

"Delicious... Johnson's verdicts on historical figures are shrewd and unsparing. He calls Gandhi a 'sorcerer's apprentice' whose rhetoric of nonviolence was 'nonsense,' given the turmoil he ignited... About American affairs Johnson is extremely keen. He speaks contemptuously of 'the Watergate witch-hunt,' brought about by people in the media... he is not fooled by the favorable publicity the 'activist' (read: leftist) judiciary has received at home... But he ends on a note of hope, seeing 'palimpsests of freedom' amid the destruction." — Joseph Sobran, *National Review*

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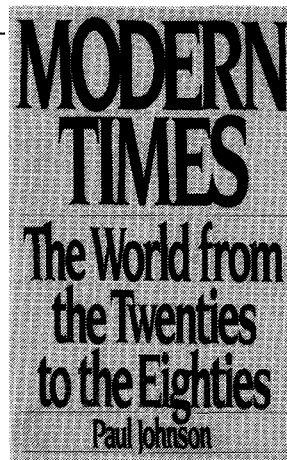
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How do you score on men and events?

Fill in the blanks with the people Paul Johnson is referring to:

"The _____ invasion [of Washington], one visiting statesman observed, was 'like watching the Borgia brothers take over a respectable north Italian town'." (Page 614)

"In the atomic field Soviet agents included Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, Morton Sobell, David Greenglass, Harry Gold, _____ (alias Alexander Stevens), to whom Whittaker Chambers acted as courier, and Jacob Golos, as well as Klaus Fuchs, who had been cleared by British security." (Page 458)

"Yet _____ was not a statist. He said he was against any attempt 'to smuggle fascism into America through the back door'. On many issues he was a liberal... He did not make anti-Semitic jokes, like Woodrow Wilson and his wife or Franklin Roosevelt. To a very wide spectrum of educated American opinion, he was the leading American public man..." (Page 243)

History Without Tears

We stick with many a book because it's good for us, because we *ought* to read it. *Modern Times* is a welcome change, compulsively readable. As the snippets above suggest, Paul Johnson is a pleasure to read.

THE

university

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I remember Reagan in 1980 saying, "That's not my territory" and practically conceding our 13 electoral votes to Carter before the election. Well, when the votes were counted, Reagan had won Massachusetts by two thousand votes—without having to lift a finger. When are you guys going to realize that the citizens of Massachusetts are sick and tired of one-party rule here? The Bay State is ripe and ready to be plucked. Wake up and start plucking, will you please?

Gerald Poulin
Springfield, Mass.

A Profitable Ambivalence

I am an old Vietnamese refugee (69 years) who can't speak English and who writes English very badly. So I can't sustain a polemic with you. But it is with anger I read your article defending Nguyen Van Hao ["Nguyen Van Hao's Missing Visa," by David Butler, March 23]. You don't understand those so-called French-formed shameless intellectuals who have stabbed us in the back. They professed and are professing to be independent and anti-American. They are prone to criticize Americans and the nationalist Vietnamese. But never do they dare to denounce the cruelties of Russia and the Communists. They owed their position and their fortune to that ambivalence.

Hao served the Communists until 1982 and has obtained as reward the permission to leave Vietnam legally for France. His departure in itself is good propaganda for the Communists. So he has served his masters until the last minutes. It is "morally unsupportable to flee the sinking boat." But is it beautiful to jump over to the winning one? Maybe it is not beautiful but certainly it is comfortable. This one fact vindicates for me the State Department for rejecting the Hao request for a visa to enter America. I heartily support the move. No pity for those who "eat the national rice while serving the Communist ghosts." No place here for those Lan or Lani, male or female, who have served the Communists with disinformation.

Nguyen Van Chau
Lake Jackson, Tex.

Private Party

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's assessment ["Kulturkampf in France," April 6] that, given his other difficulties, President Mitterrand is unlikely to pursue the homogenization of French education is probably correct. The opposition to this campaign commitment is very broad and deep. Interestingly, Mitterrand himself is a product of Catholic schools—as are a num-

ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL: A TALE OF TWO MARTINIS.



Concerning affairs of state, these two great statesmen were frequently of a single mind.

But in the mixing of martinis, there was a parting of the ways.

FDR enjoyed his martini in the then-traditional manner: two parts gin to one part vermouth. Sir Winston, his friend and ally, acknowledged the traditional role of vermouth merely by glancing at the vermouth bottle as he poured the gin.

History would appear to be on Churchill's side. Which is not surprising. After all, who knows more about gin than the English?

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ber of other leaders of the Socialist Party.

The charge of elitism is an interesting one. It should be remembered that Savary's proposals would not outlaw "écoles libres." They would simply reduce or terminate their state subsidy. Ecoles libres would continue to exist, as they existed before state aid became available in the early 1950s. The real effect of Savary's proposals would be to reserve these superior schools for the wealthy!

The French realize this, and a good deal of the opposition stems from the fact that, if implemented, Savary's proposals would deny to all but the wealthy an alternative to the state system. For those Frenchmen at or to the right of the political center (roughly half of the electorate), the prospect of an homogenized state-run system of education is doubly disturbing in view of the fact that the state system is dominated by a teachers' union (FEN) that has a membership, *grosso modo*, two-thirds Socialist, one-third Communist.

John O. Grimes
Arlington, Va.

Backs Up

I am appalled at *NR*'s surprise that "Iowa right-to-lifers . . . did not break their

backs for Reubin Askew" ["New Hampshire and Beyond," "The Week," March 23].

Reubin Askew is all for killing babies—those that result from rape or incest, or are a challenge to the health of the mother, or might be born with a handicap. If it is possible to detect any difference between him and his fellow kacistocrats it is only in his manner of speaking. After all of his exceptions, is there anybody left?

Joseph J. Guentert
South Bend, Ind.

Bumping Bumpers

In "For the Record" [April 6] you referred to former Governor Dale Bumpers, of Arkansas, as a possible running-mate for Senator Hart. You might be interested to know that former Governor Bumpers is now a United States senator and has been so for some time. Unfortunately, ignoring liberals in the Senate won't make them go away. Senator Bumpers would indeed be a fitting running-mate for Mr. Hart, as he was recently named as the South's most liberal senator in a story by the Associated Press.

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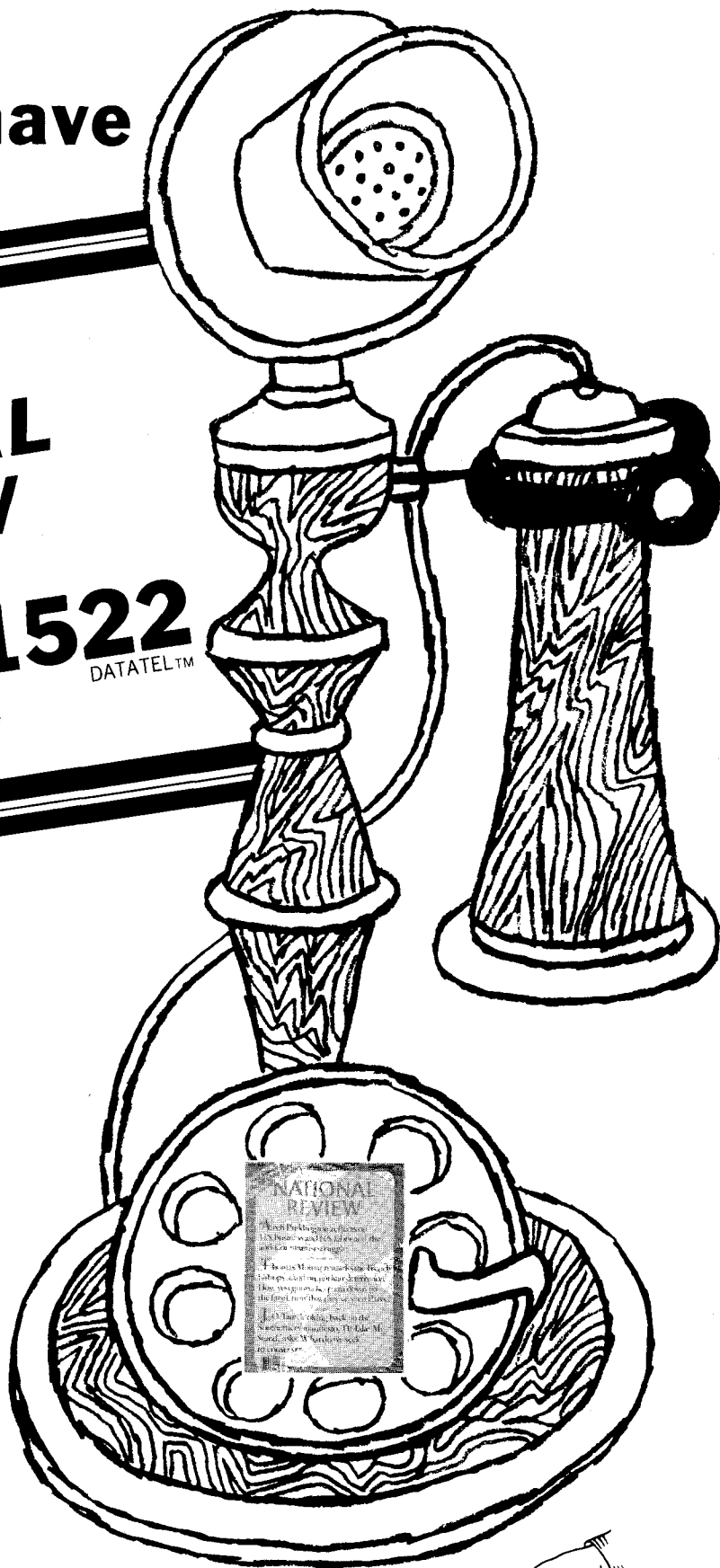
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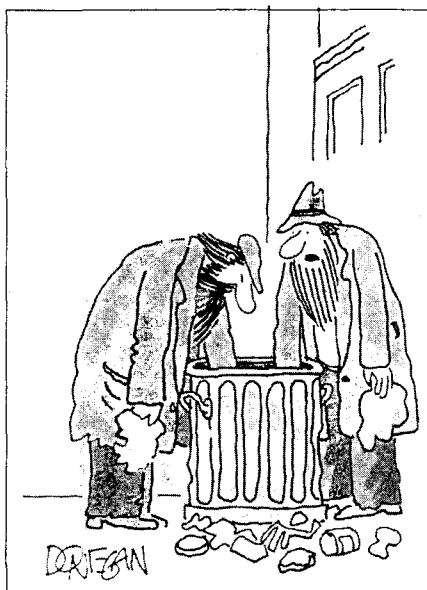
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FOR THE RECORD

Walter Mondale accomplished what he hoped in Pennsylvania; he has now collapsed Gary Hart's Big Mo with four massive hammer blows: Michigan, Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania. He even got the majority of union-household votes (52 per cent to Hart's 30) for the first time. . . . But en route to Pennsylvania, Mondale and Hart both dealt themselves body blows in New York. Each claimed to be 1) most in favor of moving U.S. Embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, 2) first to adopt nuclear freeze, 3) most isolationist about Central America. In doing so, they offended many. Sol Linowitz, Jimmy Carter's special envoy to the Middle East and before that a Johnson Administration appointee—i.e., a longtime and much-respected liberal Democrat—says there was no pressure from Israel on the U.S. to move its embassy and that such a move “will not be helpful for the United States’ role as an arbiter in the Arab world.” . . . Hart's and Mondale's New York tactics, commented senior *Christian Science Monitor* political analyst Joseph C. Harsch, raise “a doubt about the fitness of either one of them to become President of the United States. . . . If either is actually President next year his range of choices will be narrowed on both the Middle East and nuclear weapons by what he was saying in New York.” . . . In the Senate, where the debates over aid to El Salvador were going hot and heavy, Fritz Hollings, who had endorsed Hart after pulling out of the sweepstakes, was appalled at the Hart-Mondale position on Central America. Hollings joined with Sen. David Boren (D., Okla.)—who returned from observing the Salvador elections much impressed—Minority Leader Robert Byrd, and Sens. John Glenn and Lloyd Bentsen to beat back Kennedy amendments that would have crippled the Administration aid program. Hollings, voicing his disgust with both Democratic candidates, told columnists Evans & Novak:

“The next President should hire two historians and fire his pollsters.” Between them, Hart and Mondale may have put new heart into what used to be known as the Scoop Jackson wing of the Democratic Party. . . . Interesting sidelight on New York primary: The *Amsterdam News*, Adam Clayton Powell's once flamboyant mouthpiece, refused to endorse any candidate, and the aging radical chicks at the *Village Voice* turned their backs on Hart to endorse Mondale for, no kidding, “daring to sail against the wind” and choosing “the course of principle.” . . . When George Bush asked “why [Mondale and Hart] have not continued to speak out loudly and clearly against Jesse Jackson's and Louis Farrakhan's anti-Semitic remarks,” Hart brushed that criticism aside. The Vice President, he said, is practicing the “politics of distraction.” . . . Meanwhile Gallup poll shows Ronald Reagan's approval rating up another couple of points—to 55 per cent.

But you haven't heard this one. Gre-



“That's our problem, Charlie—the more we get, the more we want.”

nadan soldiers guarding the empty Cuban embassy in Grenada have uncovered an arms cache including a million rounds of ammunition, nearly a hundred M-16 rifles and AK-47 automatic rifles, plus handguns, and three rocket-propelled grenade launchers. . . . At the Sandino international airport in Managua these days, two bucks at the duty-free shop will buy you a cassette that will instruct you, to music, on how to assemble and load an M-1 rifle or make a Molotov cocktail, and where various munitions and arms can be purchased. . . . According to Defense Dept.'s Under Secretary for Policy, Fred C. Iklé, 80 per cent of the arms used by Salvador guerrillas are supplied by Cuba and the USSR through Nicaragua. . . . Up north, in Canada, a poll taken four days after Pierre Trudeau announced his retirement shows an upsurge in Conservative popularity. The Tories, under Brian Mulroney, now lead Trudeau's Liberals 54 to 32 per cent. . . . More good news: In Italy, parliament has voted 317 to 25 to approve Prime Minister Bettino Craxi's decision to deploy 16 U.S. cruise missiles in Sicily. Communist and other left-wing deputies boycotted the vote rather than go down to defeat.

Conservatives please note: Summer session of National Journalism Center, which trains young people in skills of media work within a context of traditional values, begins first week in June. Interns receive \$100 a week, work in Washington news outlets. Deadline for applications is May 15. Contact M. Stanton Evans, 401 C. St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002. . . . Steve Sego, publisher of *Washington Spectator*, a right-wing campus paper, has launched the American Press Syndicate, already supplying material to more than three hundred papers. Any interested journal should write Sego at APS, 12500 N.E. Tenth Place, Bellevue, Wash. 98005.

Making the political rounds: Former DNC chairman Bob Strauss quip: “If Hart beats Mondale, the Democrats will be following the sage advice of Mae West, ‘When I am forced to choose between two evils, I always pick the one I haven't tried before.’” . . . Question: If Jesse Jackson wins, will we have a doggerel inaugural?

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THE WEEK

□ Jesse Jackson says he doesn't go along with Louis Farrakhan's offering to kill the reporter who spilled the Hymie story, but won't repudiate Farrakhan. Walter Mondale and Gary Hart say they mumbled their disapproval of the Hymie remark six weeks ago in Pawtucket, now would the press please drop the subject. Each of the three Democratic candidates now agrees that the other two have added moral luster to the campaign. Now back to Ed Meese and the real moral problems.

□ Remember the "neutron bomb"? And the global campaign against it? The thing was designed as a knockout weapon against those forty thousand Warsaw Pact tanks, but a tremendous campaign was orchestrated to the effect that it killed people but saved property, an incredible formulation that was actually effective. In 1978, Jimmy Carter "deferred" production of the weapon—which is not a bomb, in fact, but an artillery shell. Without fanfare, the Reagan Administration has un-deferred production. The neutron shells are being stored in the United States, for rapid deployment if needed. As the Defense Department put it, "They contribute to deterrence because any potential aggressor has to consider this capability in his calculation of the risks and likely outcome of an attack."

□ The opponents of aid to El Salvador managed to postpone the Senate vote on the issue until after the elections in that country, believing, perhaps even hoping, that the results would doom the aid program. Just the opposite has occurred. The Salvadoran elections convinced sufficient numbers of congressmen that El Salvador merits U.S. assistance. The result was a vote for the Administration's program of aid to El Salvador. It is one more demonstration of the fact that democracy succeeds, even in America.

□ Robert White, the Carter Administration's ambassador to El Salvador, has been running around making headlines by linking various people to "right-wing death squads." The other day he had a little run-in with one of the men he had called a "madman" and "scum," who supposedly bankrolled the death squads from exile. The man, Arturo Muyschondt, sent a lawyer over to testify before a Senate subcommittee

where White was also due to appear. The lawyer announced that Muyschondt had filed a \$10-million libel and slander suit against White and called on the Senate to strip him of the title of "ambassador." White reddened. "I recognize my statement may have named Arturo Muyschondt erroneously," he admitted. The next day the *New York Times* compounded White's sorrows by reporting that one of the "informants" whom he has been introducing to various journalists and politicians, and who has been spreading lurid tales about the death squads, had been paid \$30,000 by critics of the Salvadoran government.

□ Senator Christopher Dodd (D., Conn.) does not like the Nicaraguan Democratic Front (FDN), a principal *contra* group: "The remnants of the old Somoza regime," he calls it, "a regime whose corruption, graft, torture, and despotism made it universally despised in Nicaragua." However, Adolfo Calero, chairman and commander of the FDN, was a longtime Somoza opponent, and was jailed by Somoza in 1978. Calero supported the Sandinistas in the early stages of their revolt. Indalecio Rodríguez, another FDN leader, never wavered in his opposition to Somoza, and his father had been a close friend of Sandino himself. Alfonso Callejas, yet another FDN leader, served in Somoza's cabinet, resigned in protest in 1972, and fled to Honduras. He returned to Nicaragua in 1979, saw what the Sandinista regime was doing, and joined the FDN. (This has been reported by Benjamin Hart in the current *Policy Review*.) Is there another state in the Union with two senators as unreliable as Connecticut's?

□ A Massachusetts appeals-court judge, Allan M. Hale, has ordered the pro-life group Problem Pregnancy, of Worcester, to put a *crucifix* on its door. It seems Problem Pregnancy's office is on the same floor of the same building as Planned Parenthood's, and Planned Parenthood says the other group's "PP" logo is confusing young girls, luring them in, and dissuading them from having abortions. So Judge Hale ordered a distinguishing crucifix put up above the PP, a very strange judicial decision, once you begin to think about it.

□ Wars of national liberation follow a pretty consist-

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

WILLY FIDEL is baiting the hook for Ronald Reagan, trying once again to skew a U.S. presidential election. Intelligence reports reveal that leftist Salvadoran guerrillas are getting huge quantities of ammunition and equipment from Cuba, via Nicaragua, in preparation for a massive autumn offensive, not unlike Vietnam's Tet Offensive in 1968. Enraged at the prospect of a second Reagan term, and seething over Grenada, Castro is trying to force Mr. Reagan onto the horns of a dilemma: let El Salvador fall to the Communists (armed to the teeth by the current transfers) or raise the level of U.S. involvement up to and including the injection of U.S. troops. If either occurs before November 6, the U.S. presidential election, possibly close, could be tilted. If the President does nothing, Castro ends up with a Communist El Salvador, another domino that could topple Honduras and Guatemala. If the President sends in the Marines, the Democratic candidate can accuse him of militarizing our foreign policy and risking the lives of American boys.

This is a replay of Castro's 1980 machinations on behalf of Carter. Before the election, Fidel 1) released American citizens held in Cuban jails, 2) said he was willing to talk about repatriation of Mariel criminals (Mariel being the northern Cuban harbor whence numbers of criminals were re-

leased by Castro and boat-lifted to the U.S., while Jimmy Carter zigzagged on whether to accept them or not), and 3) offered to open talks on reducing regional tensions, i.e., stopping the exportation of Cuban revolution to Central America and the Caribbean.

Recall that in New York's Democratic primary, Walter Mondale and Gary Hart each tried to be more adamantly opposed than the other to the sale of F-15 fighter jets to Saudi Arabia, thus establishing the superior purity of his pro-Israel credentials. Hart was especially earnest, since Mondale had made a big thing of his opponent's having switched on the Tel Aviv/Jerusalem U.S. Embassy issue. On the F-15 matter, and other issues where Mondale's current posture contradicts his earlier actions as VP, he has invoked his universal artful dodge: Publicly I may have said that, but within Jimmy Carter's inner councils I lobbied hard against it. (Mr. Hart's universal dodge, by the way, is: I can't be held responsible for everything my staff does, can I?)

Now a piece of history has surfaced here that may take some of the gas out of Mr. Mondale's dodge. In 1978, Muriel Humphrey had assumed the Senate seat of her deceased husband and, in that capacity, was serving on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. During committee debate on the F-15 sale that year, Mrs. Humphrey was summoned one day to the committee anteroom to take an urgent telephone call from Vice President Mondale. "Mondale bore down on her incred-

ibly," notes a Washington insider who was then a committee staffer. "Vote yes on the sale, Muriel, for the good of the President," Mondale is reputed to have said. "Hubert would have voted that way." When she returned to the committee room, Mrs. Humphrey was visibly distraught. Shortly thereafter, she voted as the Vice President had directed. Old Humphrey hands, recalling the event today, refer to Mr. Mondale's behavior then as "shabby," and wonder whether the other uses to which his artful dodge has been put are equally "phony."

It now appears that Carol Dinkins will succeed Ed Schmults as Deputy Attorney General, the number-two spot at the Department of Justice. Although the 38-year-old Mrs. Dinkins is an able lawyer, who formerly headed up Justice's Lands and Natural Resources Division, she may not satisfy all Reaganites. She and Rosemary Collyer—Mr. Reagan's putative choice for General Counsel of the National Labor Relations Board—are part of the White House's effort to narrow the gender gap.

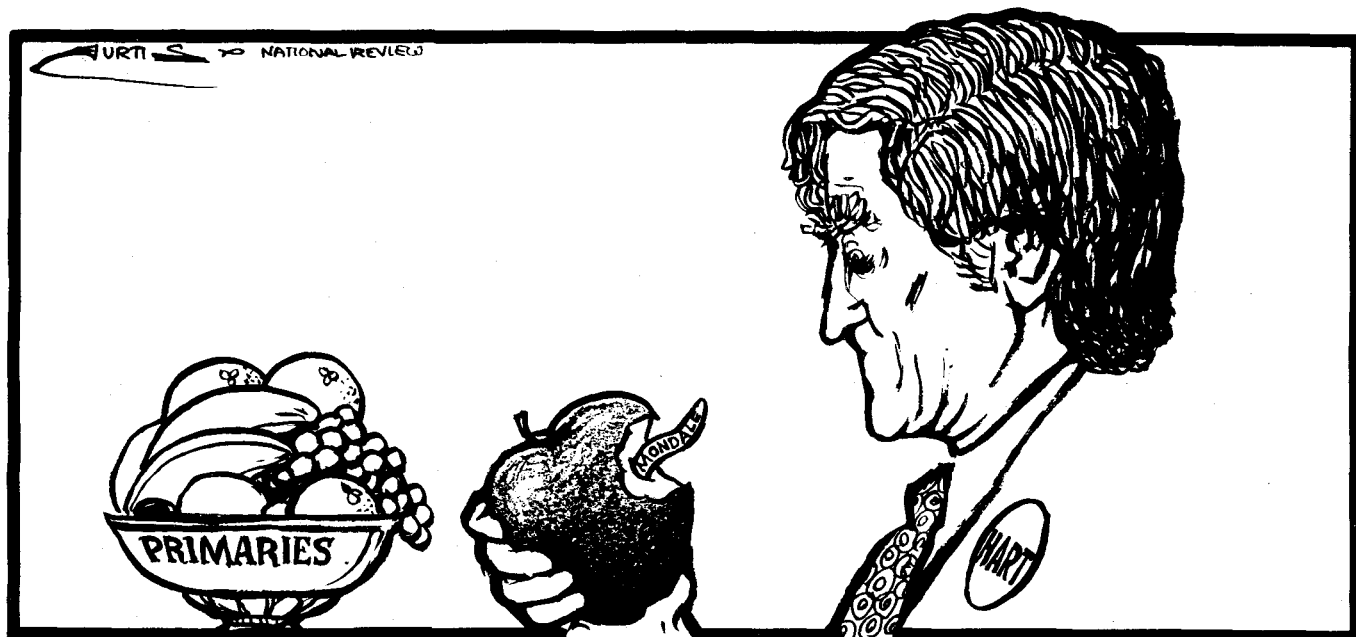
Doing no good on another constituency front is the probable appointment of Stanley Sporkin to a seat on the Federal District Court bench for D.C. Sporkin's appointment, in fact, may create a gap of its own—with the business community—since he was their *bête noire* when he headed up the Securities and Exchange Commission's enforcement division. That's life—close one gap and open up another.

—CATO

ent scenario, which can be divided into four phases: 1) Liberals deny that the rebels are Communist. 2) Liberals insist that there is no hard evidence that the rebels are Communist. 3) Liberals argue that the rebels are essentially indigenous, and that it is incidental whether they are Communist. 4) The new regime announces that it is Communist. Nicaragua has achieved phase four; El Salvador is now in phase three. (Meanwhile, in four years, not one liberal senator, representative, columnist, or editorial writer has denied that the Afghan freedom fighters are Marxists or called them essentially indigenous forces. We conclude from this that the Afghan freedom fighters are not Marxists and are essentially indigenous forces.) Phase five would be when the liberals admit they were wrong. So far no country has ever reached phase five.

□ If you think the Soviet Union regrets shooting down the unarmed Korean airliner and killing 269 people, well, you did not attend the festivities at the "Day of Anti-Aircraft Defenses" in Moscow earlier this month. Marshal of Aviation Aleksandr I. Koldunov hailed the event as a notable feat of Soviet arms. One I. Zhukov, thought to be the Soviet pilot involved, received a heroism award. No comment is necessary.

□ The forty days of mourning proclaimed in honor of Sékou Touré, the iron dictator of Guinea, who died a fortnight ago in Cleveland, were rudely interrupted last week by gunfire as a band of young officers took control of the country and proclaimed a return to political freedom and—almost unique in sub-Saharan Africa—to free enterprise. Never again, said the new



Big Apple

Guinean leader, Colonel Lansana Conté, will any citizen of Guinea be afraid to speak his mind. And overnight Sékou Touré's Popular and Revolutionary Republic of Guinea became, simply, the Republic of Guinea. In 26 years of brutal rule Touré: killed or imprisoned 38 former cabinet ministers and imprisoned, tortured, or murdered thousands of ordinary people; drove into exile nearly one-third of his subject population; mismanaged a major bauxite industry; turned a food-exporting nation into a food-importing nation; destroyed a profitable tourist business along Guinea's warm and inviting white-sand beaches; and, greatest folly of all, broke out of de Gaulle's highly successful French African community with the fatuous boast: "Guinea prefers poverty in freedom to riches in slavery." What it got was poverty *and* slavery. And all in the name of the vague Marxist-Leninist socialism so popular in Africa as the winds of change swept away the old colonial powers. But Big Brother in the Kremlin was niggardly, and over the years Sékou Touré's Guinea languished in misery. The only thing that worked was his secret police. Today, that phase of Africa's history appears to be passing. Angola and Mozambique are moving away from Marxism, talking accommodation with the West. And now the young captains and colonels in Guinea are talking about rebuilding the economy, inviting back foreign capital and managers, and turning toward the West for national salvation.

□ The English Left can't forgive Tom Stoppard either for loving England or for hating Communism. A Czech by birth, a refugee by circumstance, the witty playwright explains himself incisively to a *New York Times* interviewer: "There's an essential distinction between countries where the abuse of human rights represents the system in triumph and the countries in which it represents the failure of the system."

□ After 15 years and at least a trillion dollars of federal War against Poverty, one out of every five American children lives in poverty, and one out of every two black children, according to a study by the House Select Committee on Children, Youth, and Families. The study said that poverty had actually increased, and blamed it on unemployment, one-parent families, and "economic changes," but apparently did not notice that the relevant federal taxes added a trillion dollars of poverty to the public, and only made matters worse.

□ A liberal is a guy who imputes "greed" to everyone but denies the need for incentives in the tax structure.

□ What's the difference between a Salvadoran election and a Nicaraguan election? The Salvadoran is always "fraudulent," and the Nicaraguan is forever "imminent."

□ Nearly \$400,000 in job-training funds under the late CETA program ended up supporting the Indianapolis Opera Company. A partial refund has been made and the matter is settled, but we'll always wonder whether the money was used to mount a production of *Faust*.

Lengthening Tallies

AFTER A decisive victory in New York (see "New York, New York," by Richard Brookhiser, p. 34), Walter Mondale rolled to a solid win in Pennsylvania. Once again, the voters of the nation's rusting Northeastern foundry came through for him.

The primary season has now reached the delegate-

counting stage, and most tallies give Mondale more than half of the 1,967 votes he needs to win. The Hart camp gallantly claims that their man will recoup as the campaign shifts to the West. Yet there are still three big Northern states left (Ohio, Indiana, and New Jersey), with nearly four hundred votes among them; and two large Southern states (Texas and North Carolina), with nearly three hundred. A few Mondale wins in those contests will make Hart's task further West virtually impossible.

Mondale's successes, however, bring him problems that will be very difficult to solve, if they are solvable at all. Many who have been voting for Gary Hart in these primaries are only loosely attached to the Democratic Party, and many others think of themselves as independents. Polls indicate that as many as 30 per cent of them may vote for Reagan if Mondale becomes the nominee. Mondale's personal style and old-fashioned interest-group politics have next to no appeal for such voters.

Mondale also has a looming Jesse Jackson problem [see "Mr. Big," below], with Jackson serving up a poisonous smorgasbord composed of anti-Semitism, demolition of the Southern runoff primary, huge defense cuts, and Third World leftism.

The man whom Mondale served as Vice President won the nomination and the White House chiefly as a champion of wholesomeness ("a President as good as the American people"). But he also ran as an outsider—a bringer of fresh perspectives and new agendas. If the Democrats continue to repudiate Hart, they will be reaching beyond him, and beyond Carter, for old formulas, first crafted in the New Deal, and perfected by Mondale's mentor, Hubert Humphrey—forgetting that it was the very exhaustion of those formulas that made Carter, and after him Reagan, possible.

Mr. Big

PITY FRITZ MONDALE. Jesse Jackson is taking a ball and crane to the Democratic Party, and Mondale has no choice but to grin and bear it. He can't bring himself to say a word against Jackson, except to mutter a pro-forma *tsk-tsk* when a supporter of Jackson's makes a death threat against a reporter, and even then Mondale seems to hope the *tsk-tsk* won't get back to Jesse.

Jackson has something Mondale needs: black votes. But Jackson may make the price of those votes prohibitive: In the South he is fighting the dual primary system, which promotes white majority rule rather than black plurality rule. The dual primary system is not indefensible (it actually antedates large-scale black voting); but Walter Mondale can't afford to defend it, even though its demise will mean massive white defection to the Republican Party. In fact Jackson's

whole strategy has been to talk a language of radical idealism against which the Democratic Party is helpless, having used that language against Republicans all these years.

So there's poor Fritz, roaring against "sleaze" in the Reagan Administration but afraid to utter a peep about Jackson's scandal-ridden PUSH operation, denouncing Reagan's "insensitivity" to minorities but afraid to attack Jackson for "Hymie," attacking Gary Hart for inexperience but afraid to mention Jackson's rather obvious lack of executive qualifications.

Jackson is clearly bent on enhancing himself by improving the position of blacks within the Democratic Party. Since he isn't really running for President, or even for the Democratic nomination, where he leaves the party matters less to him than whether he can make enough difference within its structure to let him claim the title of Numero Uno among American black leaders. He has the Democrats over a barrel: They can't disown him, can't deny him, and can't afford to give him what he demands.

Wanted: An Integrated Strategy

IN THE wondrous world of Washington, D.C., the word "covert" most often refers to CIA operations that are known only to a select group of persons: those who read the *Washington Post* each day. For over a year now, senators and representatives have been stepping onto the floors of their respective chambers to denounce or defend U.S. covert aid to the *contras* fighting against the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua—and they have managed to pronounce the word "covert" with a straight face while doing so.

However, if the aid itself was far from secret, the dimension of it had not been fully known until it was leaked in the past fortnight, and the revelations have touched off a minor tempest. The United States, it appears, is directly involved in assisting the Nicaraguan *contras* to mine the ports of Nicaragua. France, with its usual Gaullist gall, has declared that it will help Nicaragua sweep the mines. Great Britain has

Gary's Favorites

They say he's very fond of Yeats;
That "Easter, 1916" rates
Among the works he calls profound;
But if he wants to hang around,
He'd better read Red Riding Hood's
Instructive doings in the woods.

W. H. VON DREELE

voiced its disapproval of the mining. The Nicaraguan government has made preparations to sue the United States in the World Court, and the U.S. Government has responded by declaring that it will not accept the jurisdiction of the court on disputes involving Central America for the next two years.

The Administration's case is straightforward. The regime in Nicaragua has become increasingly totalitarian in its methods and openly Marxist in its rhetoric. It is virtually allied with the Soviet Union and Cuba. Moreover, it has been aiding and abetting rebels seeking to overthrow the elected and internationally recognized government of El Salvador. Said rebels have planted mines on Salvadoran roads, destroyed Salvadoran bridges, and terrorized the Salvadoran countryside. In backing the *contras*, the United States has only sought to introduce a measure of reciprocity to Central America.

After considerable debate, Congress has voted again and again to fund U.S. aid for the *contras*; if the fundamental objective is correct, as the majority of Congress seemed to feel, then how does the provision of mines differ from the provision of arms? (The mines in question are too small to sink ships; they are intended only to put pressure on Nicaragua.)

The mining is not without considerable risks and disadvantages. The costs in terms of world opinion may exceed the benefits (on the other hand, excessive concern about world opinion, fickle creature that it is, would put a quick end to common sense in U.S. foreign policy). In the great ebb and flow of world politics, strategy must be both many-faceted and imaginative. The United States might actually do its Central American policy more good by, for example, a massive increase in aid to the Afghan rebels than by increasing its support of the *contras*—if only by putting the Soviet Union in an analogous position to the one it seeks to force the U.S. into in Central America.

Moscow and Havana, it has become increasingly clear, do have an integrated strategy, of which Nicaragua and El Salvador are constituent parts. Moscow has rebuffed Reagan overtures with maximum rudeness—slamming the door in the face of Brent Scow-

croft, who was trying to deliver a private conciliatory letter to the Soviet dictator—and has summarily rejected Reagan's proposals regarding chemical-warfare negotiations—even though Moscow had earlier favored just such negotiations. Defeated politically by Reagan over the European missile deployment, and much aware of growing U.S. military strength under his guidance, Moscow is voting Democratic. At the same time, Havana is pouring equipment into El Salvador via Nicaragua, hoping to present Reagan with an escalating conflict there in an election year. Reagan may have to decide [see "Letter from Washington," page 15] whether to escalate in turn or swallow a Communist victory in El Salvador. Castro is voting Democratic too.

The Republicans Bite

FOR FIFTY YEARS the Democratic Party engaged in heavy deficit spending and always managed to turn up round-heeled economists to swear it was enlightened policy to spend ourselves into a hole. Suddenly the Democrats are denouncing "record deficits" (as if nearly every deficit to date hadn't surpassed all precedents) and, setting aside their addiction to Social Security schemes, are moaning about "mortgaging our children's future."

Behind every double standard lurks an unconfessed single standard. Under Roosevelt and Johnson the Democrats held that deficit spending "stimulates demand"; against Reagan they call for "deficit reduction," lest demand (for loans) should bid up interest rates, thus choking off investment. The only consistency lies in the way they always manage to use the deficit issue to increase the economic power of the Federal Government: It must either spend more or tax more.

The Democrats were driven to "deficit reduction" as a rather desperate expedient. Reagan's supply-side bargain put them in a corner. He argued that lowering tax rates would actually increase revenues, it being a matter of common sense that rates can be so high as to be self-defeating. In short, we can get more golden eggs by relaxing our grip on the goose.

But the Democrats didn't want the eggs; they wanted the goose. The Republicans were thinking in terms of economics, the Democrats in terms of power. For the Democrats, it is desirable that as many people as possible should be economically dependent on federal favors. There is no political percentage in a robust economy that frees people from the need for Democratic patronage, is there?

The recession saved the Democrats from the specter of a Reagan-led boom. Instantly they pinned it on the President and announced that Reaganomics had "failed." At the same time, Republicans in both houses of Congress were losing their nerve and wor-

No Nukes for Us

As Three Mile Island turns to clay
While Lilco slowly rots,
Consider, please, a winter's day
With rationed kilowatts.
Though cars replaced the one-horse shay
And light bulbs, kerosene,
When oil and coal poop out, we'll say,
Hi! to the Pleistocene.

W. H. VON DREELE

rying about the growing deficit, for honorable if hidebound reasons.

The Democrats dived through this window of opportunity and joined the chant against "deficits." It was not a winning issue for the Democrats at election time, but it was a splendid device for dividing the Republicans and nurturing a fifth column of Doles and Weickers, ever ready to burn Reagan in return for a little purring publicity from the Democrats' media allies.

So the situation of 1981 has been reversed. In those days Reagan enjoyed the support of nearly all Republicans and some Democrats; now he is opposed by a solid Democratic Party along with some Republicans. The "deficit" appeal has split what should have become the new majority party this year. As things now stand, the Democrats probably can't gain the Presidency, but they are fighting hard to keep the power they have.

The Debate On Strategic Defense

ROUGHLY A YEAR has passed since President Reagan made his much-heralded and much-defamed speech on strategic defense. In the ensuing period, the Administration has made much progress against rather formidable opposition toward winning funding for a major program of research and development. Nevertheless, with all the publicity that the so-called "Star Wars" issue has generated, the unfortunate truth is that no serious national dialogue has taken place on the merits and demerits of strategic defense.

The opponents of strategic defense have failed to articulate what fundamental objection they have to the very concept of defending the West against nuclear attack. They appear to be committed to a fixed belief in strategic deterrence, which makes the mutual assured incineration of millions the keystone of the West's defense. They speak about a new phase of the arms race, about strategic instability, and about technological feasibility, but in the end their arguments always boil down to an existential fear that defending against nuclear holocaust may hasten Armageddon. Few of them have ever stated what would be wrong with a world in which the West could plausibly defend itself against attack.

The proponents of strategic defense have not been without fault, either. Many have grossly oversold the concept, creating the illusion that it would be feasible to somehow create a perfect shield against all kinds of



nuclear attack. Historians and strategists know—and technologists confirm—that there is no such thing as a perfect defense. The fallacy of assuming that one can take a last step in one's defense is a grave one, for the enemy will always take an additional step—in this case, seeking to circumvent or destroy the defensive system itself. The proponents of strategic defense have also concentrated too much on esoteric technologies designed to achieve area, or population, defense, technologies that will not be available for perhaps two or more decades. [See also "The Right Books," p. 58.] In doing so, they have short-changed terminal or point defenses that could soon be available to the West—defenses that would not protect cities but that would safeguard our vulnerable ICBM silos and thus enhance deterrence and greatly reduce any Soviet incentive for an attack against the West.

The issues raised by President Reagan a year ago are numerous, complex, and of vital importance to the nation. They deserve a full-fledged national debate. They have not received it thus far.

Why Is There Socialism Only in the United States?

AROUND THE world, privatization is on the march. In socialist Britain, Margaret Thatcher is selling telecommunications and aerospace companies. From Hungary to China, Communist governments are turning small enterprises over to their managers. Around the Third World, more and more authorities are thinking of lopping off inefficient state industries.

Only the United States resists this capitalist trend. Here, merely to suggest selling a weather satellite or two is to get hooted at for a week. To sell off some surplus parcel of federal land, no matter how un-

scenic or unrelated to federal purposes it may be, is to call forth a coyote chorus of protest. From the city power plant in Cleveland to the Public Health Service hospital in New Orleans, every outpost and garrison of the public sector is defended to the last brick. Even the modest idea of "contracting out" some government function, from the humblest HUD cafeteria to the newest leased Navy ship, must be fought for trench by trench.

Perhaps it is time to rethink the long-held notion that the United States is the only country where no major faction supports public ownership as a matter of policy. That thesis of "American exceptionalism" is at least as old as Werner Sombart's famous essay "Why Is There No Socialism in the United States?" (1906). But now it seems outdated. Our liberals may not call for nationalizing the steel industry, but they still subscribe to what Grover Rees has called (in the context of ERA rescissions) a "gotcha" theory: once socialized, always socialized. It is a sort of domestic analogue of the Brezhnev Doctrine in foreign policy.

When any scrap or crumb threatens to drop from the public-sector table, we hear the same counter-arguments. One, which the *New York Times* is particularly fond of, is that if the private sector has discovered some secret of efficiency, the government should simply adopt its methods instead of going to the horrid extreme of denationalization. This glosses over questions such as whether private industry's hiring and firing power might be more efficient than the civil-service system. Other objections are of the damned-if-you-do, damned-if-you-don't variety. For example, it may be objected that there is no guarantee that a private owner will continue to publicize weather-satellite data; but if the government draws up a contract to make sure that the service continues, it becomes guilty of "guaranteeing the private sector a profit." Again, if the government sells coal or oil tracts at the height of the energy crisis, it is guilty of stripping away energy security when the country is most vulnerable; while if it sells during the bust years, it is exacerbating a glut and getting an unduly low price.

And everywhere and always, there is the surefire charge of a "giveaway." This can be a legitimate worry, of course, since it is quite possible for political favorites to become millionaires by acquiring airport parking concessions and the like. Where a property is sold or a contract is let at fair market value, however, no "public patrimony" is being squandered; money is simply replacing property in the government's portfolio. That is why it is odd that the opponents of privatization never seem to be all that interested in whether or not an agency adopts competitive auctions or elaborate safeguards against bid-rigging, as the Interior Department has in fact done in various of its schemes to dispose of natural resources.

About the only way to defuse the political opposi-

tion to privatization, in the final analysis, would be to cut in the interest groups: set aside 10 per cent for small minority- and women-owned businesses, and big shares for the local governors and mayors, with any remaining royalties perhaps going to senior citizens or the arts. A deal like that, even if no royalty money was left to flow into the Treasury's capital account, would be the one kind of deal that would successfully escape being called a "giveaway."

Death Penalty Update

THE FACT that executions have moved off the front pages and out of prime-time excitement reflects progress—i.e., capital punishment, having been the subject of extended public discussion and long litigation, has begun to fade as a major issue. About the current situation, a few observations.

Virtually all of those on death row have committed abominable crimes, a measure of the continuing reluctance to impose the death sentence. Nevertheless, a gradual shift in focus from the perpetrator to the victim has undoubtedly occurred. Norman Mailer's *The Executioner's Song* (1979) may represent the last generally acclaimed celebration of a murderer for some time to come; Mailer's later sponsorship of murderer Jack Henry Abbott laid a serious egg; and *Newsweek's* extended feature on J. D. Autry, recently executed in Huntsville, Texas, evoked little sympathy for Autry, and a considerable amount for his casually murdered victims.

Execution has numerous kinds of significance, but a principal one is the role of society as surrogate for the victim. Had the murdered cashier shot Autry before he put a bullet between her eyes, it would have been self-defense. Autry's execution corrects the error in timing.

Many murderers have been living on death row for years as a result of long legal delays. As the legal points are settled, the pace of executions will speed up, though some still more baroque appeals are yet in store. Attorneys for men convicted of murder are

The Soviets at Sea

A hundred ships came sailing by;
'Twas on an April day.
They rendezvous'd where Jellicoe
Once swept the Hun away.
In Turkey, where the NATO brass
Was meeting for the week,
Lips stiffened, but in Pittsburgh, Fritz
Inclined the other cheek.

W. H. VON DREELE

preparing to argue that capital punishment discriminates against males; i.e., since 1930 3,313 men have been executed, as against only thirty women. Even granting that men commit more murders, the courts do appear to have been more lenient with the fair sex. The remedy, of course, is not to spare the male killers but to treat their fair-sex counterparts equally.

Many egregious killers will survive because of our prolonged period of moral and legal confusion. Charles Manson and Sirhan Sirhan continue to live at taxpayers' expense in California, as do many others across the nation. Richard Herrin, the rejected lover who beat Bonnie Garland to death with a hammer as she slept in her bed, will be a free man in a few years.

But sanity appears to be returning to the processes of justice, and the death rows are being cleaned out.

Nixon's the One

UNBELIEVERS in eternal life must pause over the career of Richard Nixon. After a ten-year absence from prime time, he came into our homes once again, on Dan Rather's network, which had paid half a million bucks for the privilege. Nixon (looking more at ease than he ever had in office) and a former amanuensis discussed Ike, Watergate, Kissinger, and Brezhnev's fondness for a good front porch, or Porsche.

His rehabilitation shows the same ideological tacking and turning that marked his career. Why did the media dislike him? One reason, he answered, was, "I'm a conservative. And an effective conservative, in their view." On the other hand, certain liberals have begun to thank him for détente (and perhaps prime him as a spokesman for détente to come). A week or so ago, he implicitly criticized Reagan in San Clemente. Mark Hatfield, Mo Udall, and George McGovern have all praised his sagacity. Gore Vidal wrote a respectful portrait for the fiftieth anniversary issue of *Esquire*. Nixon books have had their impact. And on it goes. Ever in the background, though fainter and fainter, sound the dismal croaks of the Watergate chorus. "The blot remains for the judgment of history . . ." John Herbers reminded us in the *New York Times*. "Mr. Nixon's consistent practice has been to obfuscate . . . No important disclosures . . ."

Richard Nixon is two years younger than the current occupant of his former office. Some position, probably diplomatic, may very well lie down the road for him. His second coming proceeds apace.

Frank Church, RIP

ACCORDING TO President Reagan, Frank Church "served his nation with distinction and dedication. His abiding interest in foreign policy made an important intellectual contribution to our nation."

Mr. Reagan is polite, sometimes excessively so; and would that Frank Church's interest in foreign policy had been less abiding. For he played a leading role in one of the sorriest hours in the history of the United States Congress, co-sponsoring legislation that cut off funds for our South Vietnamese allies even as the North Vietnamese regulars, armed to the teeth with Soviet tanks, rockets, and artillery, bore down relentlessly upon them. Running out of supplies and even ammunition, the South Vietnamese army (ARVN) crumbled before 3 to 1 odds, and, no small thanks to Senator Church, Saigon became Ho Chi Minh City, and a new term entered the lexicon: boat people.

As for Ho Chi Minh, Church always noted that he was an "indigenous" phenomenon, to coin a phrase, also a true leader, etc., etc. As chairman of the Senate's Select Committee on Intelligence, he deplored even the meager CIA efforts to fund free labor unions and a free press in Allende's Chile, and, of course, he more recently deplored support for the Nicaraguan *contras*. His "abiding" interest in foreign policy, not to mince words, made him a major figure in America's attempted suicide during the Sixties and Seventies.

To the political taxonomist, however, Church's electoral career possessed a certain acrid charm, for he showed a practiced agility in playing left-wing politics in the District of Columbia while scattering a few conservative crumbs to pacify the rubes back home in Idaho. Thus—and liberal sophisticates of course understood—he opposed gun control and abortion, and he was absolutely outstanding where federal water projects were concerned.

This splendid high-wire performance worked. It worked, that is, until Steve Symms caught up with Church in the great Senate clean-out of 1980.

He died last week, at 59, of cancer.

NOTES & ASIDES

□ Dear Bill:

"Twenty years ago, the per-pupil cost of education in New York's elementary schools was \$700. Today, it is \$3,200. Seven hundred 1963 dollars equals 2,200 1982 dollars, so that the true increase is 30 per cent." (From your column, as published in the *Knoxville Journal*.)

Let's work that out: $\$3,200 - \$2,200 = \$1,000$. This is the *increase*. $1,000/2,200 = 45.4545$ per cent increase. It would be correct to say that this is almost 50 per cent. It would also be correct to say that elementary education in New York was about 30 per cent cheaper per pupil twenty years ago than it is today. I think you got your basis reversed.

Perhaps this explains something to me. I never

could understand why bar charts and pie charts are used. To one adept at visualizing figures, magnitudes, they say nothing that a labeled table of figures does not say, and they take up a lot of room, and require artwork before they appear in print. I think engineers in general rather smile condescendingly at businessmen and bureaucrats who need bar charts and pie charts in order to feel the impact of the numbers. But the world is full of people like that, so let them have their bar charts and pie charts so, at the least, they won't be apt to reverse their basis when calculating a percentage increase or decrease.

Incidentally, the formula taught in all the schools for calculating percentages is incorrect. For example, you see: $(\text{Output}/\text{Input}) \times 100 = \text{Efficiency per cent.}$ This is not so. Per cent *means* per one hundred, that is, divided by 100. Thus, $1/2 = 50$ per cent, that is $1/2 = 50/100$. That multiplicative factor of 100 is unneeded, and, in fact, wrong.

Cordially,
W. M. Woods
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It's hard to know what to say about an article ("The *New Republic* Problem," *NR*, April 6) that applauds what *The New Republic* writes, and then, based on something it has not yet done, accuses it of bankruptcy, except to say that this must be as close as *NR* can bring itself to praise a liberal publication like *The New Republic* without breaking out in hives. Nonetheless, as the author of the editorial in question, I will overlook *NR*'s peculiar allergies, and address the bankruptcy charge.

Assume we endorse Mondale or Hart for President. There's nothing inconsistent, let alone bankrupt, in doing so while at the same time pointing out three foreign-policy successes by the Reagan Administration. For one thing, three policies do not a Presidency make. In foreign policy, Mr. Reagan has a lot to answer for, particularly on arms control, and his disastrous misreading of American interests in the Middle East. (Even after Lebanon, Mr. Reagan persists in turning the cheek once again to "moderate" Jordanians and Saudis, who have consistently wrecked every previous Reagan peace initiative.) On domestic policy, the catalogue of sins we believe the President has committed is too long to recapitulate here, but is neatly packed into a terse 2,500-word editorial appearing in the *TNR* issue immediately preceding the one you found so appealing. We venture to guess that even *NR*, if it could suppress its anti-liberal prejudices long enough, could come up with three successes of the Carter Administration. We suggest you start with the Panama Canal Treaty, Camp David, and energy decontrol. Admitting the successes of one's political adversaries is, to us, a sign merely of absent prejudice. It's not an endorsement.

So there is no longer a Jackson wing of the Democratic Party. Perhaps—though your sister publication, *The American Spectator*, writes this very week that *TNR* is the Henry Jackson wing of the Democratic Party—but so what? It sounds peculiar for *NR*, which for so many years could not claim a wing, or even a feather, of the Republican Party, to find fault with *The New Republic* for holding a minority view in its party. *NR* spent 25 years educating its party to the truth; *The New Republic* under Martin Peretz has been at it for only ten. Accordingly, we will use *NR* as the standard: If by 1999 the Democratic Party has not elected a President from the *New Republic* wing of the party, we may just have to rethink our allegiances and turn our attention to educating Republicans on the virtues of social justice.

Sincerely,
Charles Krauthammer
Senior Editor
The New Republic
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Krauthammer: You will understand that we are discouraged that the rightward movement of *The New Republic* coincides almost exactly with the leftward movement of the Democratic Party. In 1999 you can count on us to give you a big party at your baptism/bar mitzvah. Meanwhile, someone will need to see to it that the old republic also survives. It is this that keeps us so busy. Yours cordially, —WFB

□ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

The *Christian Science Monitor* (March 13) reports you are looking after *NR*'s interests while airborne. See attached: (Headline: "Today's High-Flying Businessman: Have Typewriter, Will Travel." ". . . According to a longtime TWA flight attendant I know, no business traveler is quite so capable of wrapping himself in a six-mile-high cocoon as William F. Buckley Jr. 'I had Mr. Buckley on a transatlantic flight,' she said, 'and he had what looked like a month's worth of work beside him, piled all the way up to his lap. I noticed he didn't speak to the man beside him, he was so totally engrossed. When he got up to stretch his legs, the other man called me over. He said he couldn't find his shoes under the pile of Mr. Buckley's discarded papers. We finally found one and then another, but it wasn't his shoe. Sure enough, when Mr. Buckley came back he was wearing the other man's shoe on one of his feet.'")

Memo to: Priscilla
From: Bill

Now I know why I was limping when I arrived in Geneva! XXX Bill —WFB

SPRING FLORA

GIVEN THE rocky road ahead of Ed Meese in his bid for Senate confirmation as Attorney General, the talk among Washington insiders, including Reagan and Meese allies in both the Senate and the House, has turned to other acceptable successors to Attorney General William French Smith, who, although he has agreed to stay on, still wants out. Three names head the list. The first is Clifford Wallace, judge of the Ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in San Diego for the past 12 years. Wallace was appointed by Nixon as a district judge in 1970, and elevated by him to the Circuit Court in 1972. Wallace is a Republican and a judicial conservative, and his ethical closet is said to be wholly skeleton-free (if anyone's is). His judicial writings are viewed as solid and respectable, if not dazzling. Senators Orrin Hatch and Pete Wilson are particularly high on Wallace, as is evidenced by their having staged a salute for him recently in Washington for his hard-nosed criminal-justice rulings.

The second name now afloat is a familiar one. Dean Burch, now a practicing lawyer in Washington, was the conservative *éminence grise* who managed Barry Goldwater's '64 campaign; he later served Richard Nixon as special assistant, and chaired the Federal Communications Commission. Burch has vast political savvy, knows the Hill's idiosyncrasies, is very smart, and oozes with integrity. His only minus, if it be that, is that he obviously looks less unpartisan than Cliff Wallace.

A third candidate is the current Deputy Secretary in the Department of State, Kenneth Dam, an old and trusted friend of George Shultz, having worked with Mr. Shultz in the Nixon White House (at the Office of Management and Budget) and as his academic colleague at the University of Chicago, where Dam performed as a crack economist, steeped in antitrust law. Unflappable and exceedingly dip-

lomatic, Dam is a conservative officeholder whose loyalty has been tested and proven. Dam's only problem is that the overburdened Mr. Shultz now leans heavily on him, and with Larry Eagleburger scheduled to vacate the post of Under Secretary for Political Affairs around the first of May, the Secretary might feel bereft were Dam to be pirated from him.

The name of FBI Director William Webster has also been bruited here as a possible successor to Smith, thanks largely to columnist James Jackson Kilpatrick, who sees the need for a clean-as-a-hound's-tooth nominee. Most conservatives here greet this prospect with apathy at best and, more commonly, distaste. Aside from his lackluster enforcement record—especially in the areas of counterintelligence and terrorism—Mr. Webster's nomination as Attorney General would launch a precedent that would run counter to the public interest. As a collector of all kinds of sensitive background items relating to character, employment records, and personal habits, an ex-FBI director with overweening and unscrupulous ambition would be in an excellent position to misuse that intelligence as Attorney General.

Into the Computer

MEANWHILE, over on Capitol Hill, the prospects for Republican retention of the Senate in '84 look to be much improved, odds now favoring retention by about 4 to 1, according to Democratic psephologists in town. Only Tennessee is claimed as of now as a certain Democratic win, with Howard Baker's vacated Republican seat being expected to go to Congressman Albert Gore Jr. In Illinois, Republican Charles Percy leads Congressman Paul Simon by ten points today, but Simon is moving up. It will be close. Texas likewise is too close to call, with GOP primary front-runner

Phil Gramm ahead of Democratic primary front-runner Bob Krueger by only six points in projected polling face-offs. North Carolina's race between Republican Jesse Helms and Democratic Governor Jim Hunt will be a photo finish but, despite Hunt's present three-point lead, Democratic pundits are now calling it a Helms win.

On the Democratic side, Montana incumbent Max Baucus is weak, but his Republican opponent is weaker, so Baucus is expected to hold onto his seat. In Michigan, Carl Levin is in deep trouble thanks to his having associated himself with the misguided heavy state-tax hike. Levin is regarded as the Democrats' most vulnerable incumbent, with a Republican takeover by the primary front-runner, astronaut Jack Lousma, not unlikely.

Put all of this into the political intuition computer, and you have Democrats taking, at most, one or two new seats in November. Of greater note, however, is that this low takeover margin contradicts the conventional wisdom hereabouts, which had been that while it was likely—though not certain—that the Democrats would pick up the Senate in '84, they would inevitably do so in '86. The above calculus of a one- or two-seat Democratic gain—max—means that they would have to pick up at least four or five seats in '86, the current Senate distribution being 55 Republicans, 45 Democrats. Now the odds in favor of the Democrats' doing that are minuscule. Add to this that in 1988 19 Democrats will be up for re-election, while only 14 Republicans will be—and all of them strong candidates—and you can figure that the GOP will very possibly hold onto the Senate through 1990. Horticulturally speaking (to return to the title metaphor), this GOP control of the Senate may not be a perennial but it is, all will agree, a hardy octennial, which will have to do until the real thing comes along. □

LEBANON AND STAYING POWER

THE NEWSPAPERS tell me that America's role in Lebanon is now on "hold"; and that President Reagan has been defending his peace plan for the Near East, in an interview in the Paris daily *Le Monde*. In the interview, which appeared in the newspaper dated March 21, the President claimed, with some justification, that his plan, announced in September of 1982, was a good and a realistic one, and if anybody had a better plan, he would like to hear about it.

The trouble seems to be that the U.S. is in no shape to get the interested parties—Israel, Lebanon, Jordan, and Syria, principally—to sit down and discuss *any* peace proposals, America's or anybody else's. Instead, the King of Jordan, fresh from talks with Mr. Reagan in the White House, launches two bitter attacks on his host within one week; while in Lausanne, Switzerland, leaders of the rival Lebanese factions alternately swap insults and terms of quite spurious endearment. It is enough to make grown observers weep.

Most of those involved in the multifaceted dispute are, by now, deeply discomfited. The Israelis, because their costly incursion into Lebanon a couple of years ago doesn't seem, in the end, to have achieved very much (although the removal and partial discrediting of the PLO's Yasir Arafat is something, to be sure). The Americans, because of the impotence already mentioned. The Saudis, because of this demonstration that the power of oil money is, after all, limited. And, not least, the Lebanese president, Amin Gemayel, who has just lost the last threads of an already limited authority.

Two countries, or rather regimes, on the other hand, are not doing too badly: The Syrian regime of President Hafez el-Assad, who more than anybody else is sitting pretty and may well, in the end, consolidate his country's claim as the dominant influence in what used to be called the Fertile

Crescent; and, of course, the Assad regime's protectors, the Soviets, who have played an exceptionally passive role, needing only to arm and support Assad.

Although this almost perversely unhappy situation offers no unalloyed joy to those in our camp, it does offer lessons in the difficult art of projecting power. By definition, geography can make things easier, or harder, as the case may be. Power being what you can get away with, it was relatively easy for the Soviets to get away with their brutal invasion of Afghanistan (even though they subsequently got bogged down in that tragic country). Similarly, it was relatively easy for President Reagan to get away with the liberation of Grenada. (I am not equating the two in moral terms, merely in those of geopolitical expediency.)

When it comes to the projection of power over vast distances, the Russians normally win hands down, and for very good reasons: the self-righteous "moral" justification of Leninism, ample means for either military or non-military ("active measures") action, and above all no public opinion or Congress to worry about.

It is, of course, a genuine consolation to note that the Soviet empire is by now severely overstretched, so that it was powerless to prevent the liberation of Grenada and opted, in Mozambique, for the easy way out by allowing the Samora Machel government to accept a peace (however temporary) dictated by South Africa.

Which brings me back to Lebanon. On paper, the United States has all the military power, the "muscle," it might need to get its way in the Near East or indeed in many other places. In practice, it is very difficult, if not impossible, for the U.S. to project its power in far-off places, because of the obstructive power of Congress and of existing legislation.

All governments wrap up their real

objectives in terms of moral righteousness, to some degree or another. In the Near East, if I may borrow some arguments from the very erudite Julian Amery, Conservative MP, a former Minister of State in the Foreign Office and a man who deserved on merit and knowledge to have been appointed Foreign Secretary in 1979, there is an interesting, though unpalatable, parallel between the role of Britain and France in the ill-fated Suez expedition of 1956 and the current "strategic alliance" between the U.S. and Israel.

Likewise, there is a parallel between Nasserism in 1956 and Syria's "Assadism" today. In 1956, Nasser enjoyed Soviet support, as does Assad today. The Assad regime is a good deal nastier than was Nasser's. It is a minority regime, in that his own Alawite community represents only 13 per cent of the Syrian population. It is also, along with the regime of Saddam Hussein in Iraq, one of the two most brutal dictatorships in the Arab world.

Limits of Power

AMORALLY AND politically justified objective of U.S. policy in the Near East would be to remove the Syrian military presence in Lebanon; and even, if things worked out that way, to remove Assad himself, if not by direct intervention, then at least by the chain-reaction that a Syrian reverse might precipitate.

The President, alas, is hampered by the War Powers Act of 1973 and by the inevitably unfavorable public reaction to the heavy casualties inflicted by terrorist action on the Marines in the international "peace-keeping" force. Not to mention the constraints of an election year.

The decision to pull out of Beirut and freeze the U.S. peace-keeping role is thus a major reverse that points, yet again, to the de facto limitations of American power. □

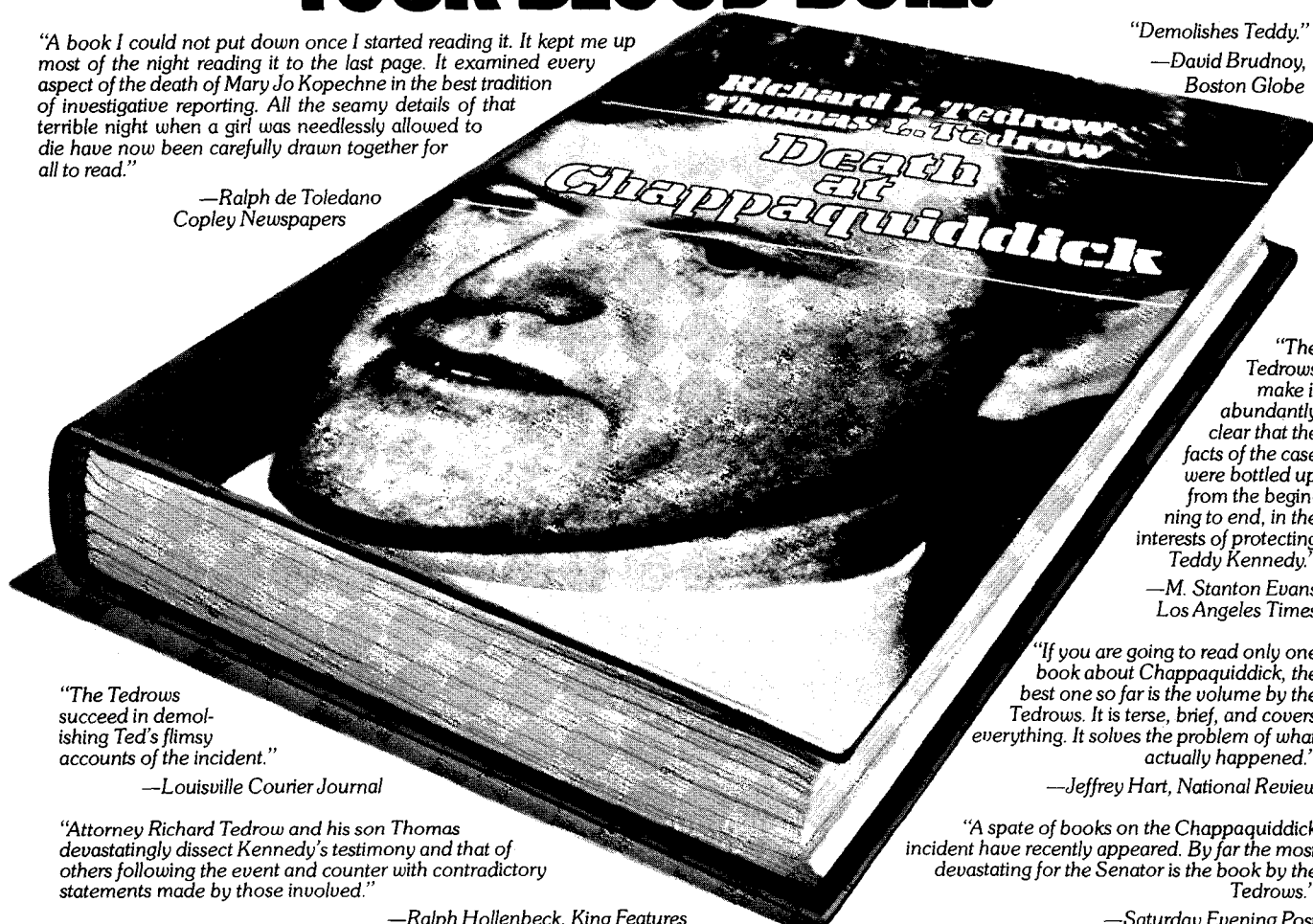
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NR-2

THE UNDERHANDEDNESS OF AFFIRMATIVE ACTION



AFFIRMATIVE ACTION is settling down in our constitutional polity like a determined guest seeking to establish squatter's rights. Though the issue is far from settled, controversy has subsided. The Supreme Court has pronounced indecisively on several occasions and in several voices. The Democratic Party, trying to exist on a faded and confused memory of itself, has lost its early enthusiasm for affirmative action, but remains "committed" to it in the routine sense of that word—stuck with it. And the Reagan Administration, elected in a spirit hostile to affirmative action, has found it necessary, or merely convenient, to tolerate it, even to truckle to it.

Former Interior Secretary James Watt's fatal remark about a coal-leasing board he himself had appointed ("a black, a woman, two Jews, and a cripple") helped to bring the Administration's attitude to public attention. Secretary Watt should have been ashamed of himself, and perhaps under his boastful cynicism he was. But, in the usual manner of shame, he seemed to put the blame on others, on the groups clamoring for such treatment. To supporters of affirmative action, this was "insensitive," and insulting. Secretary Watt should have appointed the same people, minus the Jews, but without saying why. He should have known that to state the true purpose of his appointments was to render them useless for that purpose. He should have known that affirmative action works only when it is concealed and lied about. He should have known that, because everyone knows it; the concealment and the lies are all the more necessary because everyone knows the truth.

Affirmative action is obviously a way of helping people who are considered insufficiently capable of helping themselves. But just as obviously, this fact cannot be admitted. Or, if it is admitted in general—as when Justice Marshall said in the *Bakke* case that "meaningful equality remains a distant dream for the Negro"—it must be denied in all particular cases. The reason for wanting to help people is that we hold them to be equal in some sense, hence deserving of equal treatment, but if we help them, we imply that they are unequal in some sense, hence undeserving of

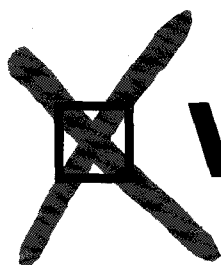
equal treatment. Government and management must therefore give help through affirmative action while denying that they give it, indeed *by* denying that they give it, in order not to hurt the pride of the beneficiaries. Their pride, and America's recognition of their pride, is not beside the point: It is the point.

Affirmative action is a question of pride, more than has been realized on either side of the debate. So far, most of the argument has been about its justice. Proponents say that because of past injustices, blacks, women, and others on a lengthening list deserve to get a break—partly for revenge, and partly because their suffering has left them unprepared to take advantage of the opportunities that it is admitted they now have. Opponents have replied that past injustice will not be remedied by new injustice of a similar kind, in which people are treated as representatives of groups rather than as individuals. The justice of affirmative action is affirmed by a majority of intellectuals and denied by a majority of the American people. In such a contest, I have no doubt where my sympathies lie. But the injustice or wrongness of affirmative action does not reach the depth of its evil.

The problem of affirmative action appears less grave than it is because its proponents present it as a matter of mere justice: They merely ask us to live by the principles we profess. They pass over the means to get us to live by our principles, and opponents of affirmative action have been content, for the most part, to dispute them over principles rather than means. But the underhandedness of affirmative action is what is worst in it. Even if justice were secured by such means, the result would not be compatible with the dignity or pride of free citizens. Such means, moreover, whether or not declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, are a threat to constitutional government, which is concerned as much with means as with ends—and the threat is all the greater for not being widely understood.

To understand that threat, let us return to the necessity that affirmative action conceal the help it renders its beneficiaries. As a policy, it cannot claim success, because to announce an "affirmative-action appointment" as such is to insult the recipient by implying that he would not have got it on merit. It is a peculiar policy indeed where the administrator cannot admit he has done nothing, since this is hardly "action," yet cannot boast of doing something, lest his actions insult the beneficiary. Since the benefi-

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aries—the blacks, women, and others protected by affirmative action—cannot admit that they are incapable and undeserving, the only remaining solution, it seems, is to accuse the American people, or what is left of it after the protected groups have been subtracted, of discriminating against their fellow citizens on grounds of race, sex, or national origin. The unprotected must admit their guilt so that the protected do not have to admit their incapacity.

But the unprotected include many white males who favor affirmative action; they cannot be guilty of racism and sexism. White males who oppose affirmative action must be the guilty ones, responsible for all the ills that affirmative action seeks to correct. Not that those guilty white males *do* anything discriminatory; any overt action to discriminate would be illegal without affirmative action. Rather, it is their bad attitudes. Those white males glare balefully at the protected groups, wounding and disabling them with negative vibrations and looking out for any chance to do them in by wishing them ill.

This ludicrous picture of America, according to which opportunities for blacks and women have multiplied while racism and sexism have continued to run rampant, is what supporters and beneficiaries of affirmative action are required to believe. If opportunities were not open, we could not know that affirmative action beyond opening opportunities was needed; but since affirmative action is needed, the same Americans who opened them must secretly desire to close them. At a time when no American can publicly defend segregation, the most powerful Americans are supposed to desire it and to have succeeded in imposing it. Accusing one's fellow citizens of racism and sexism has become so routine, to be sure, that the seriousness of the charge has been forgotten. But to make a serious charge

In reality, prejudice is now at a low point in our history. Most affirmative-action programs do their best to kick in an open door

lightly is so far from an excuse as to be an aggravation. To accuse a group of "institutional racism" reveals a frivolous attitude in the accuser that is worse than the casual malice of which he complains.

None of this is meant to deny that prejudice exists in America. In one way prejudice is much greater than we know: Since we live in a democracy, prejudice exists not only against those held inferior but also against people we suspect of superiority. But affirmative action, under the guise of opposing racism and sexism, inflates those attitudes by imputing them to other citizens as the sole cause of remaining inequalities. Although affirmative action claims to be a temporary policy, it has a vested interest in the continuation of prejudice. "Progress" in race and gender relations is made doubtful because each advance occurs not by the gradual disappearance of prejudice but with a triumph over it. The beneficiaries are encouraged to think that they got jobs or promotions not on merit but as punitive compensation, like the recovery of stolen goods from thieves. This may be cause for satisfaction in the benefi-

ciaries, but it cannot be the occasion for pride. The unprotected Americans—the "guilty" ones—are not ashamed; they are humiliated. They are not asked to live up to their ideals; they are forced to do so because it is assumed that they have not done so and will not do so on their own. This is a recipe for resentment.

To combat the prejudice it inflates, affirmative action has two modes, which Nathan Glazer has distinguished as hard (quotas) and soft (pressure without quotas). These are two modes of the same policy rather than two policies. Affirmative action with quotas will often be opposed because it is too blatant, although the policy as such is by no means so honest that its proponents will admit that merit is no longer the first consideration. Instead, they try to redefine merit: It no longer means the best, or the best available; it is made to mean acceptable, or beyond a certain minimum. Sometimes "merit" is defined as what society needs, and society's needs are more big shots who are blacks and women; ergo, promoting them is promoting merit. They serve as "role models," and the role they model is that of being patronized by white males.

Still, despite these evasions, quotas are too blatant. They have been tagged as "reverse discrimination," not to say racism and sexism. Affirmative action therefore retreats to less obvious methods that, it is hoped, will save face for both employer and employed. For example, in my "place of employment"—Harvard University—affirmative action is said to amount to no more than an earnest attempt to "identify and consider" the protected candidates. Similarly, according to Justice Powell's majority opinion in the *Bakke* case, universities may "consider race" for admissions, but may not "use" it explicitly.

But this soft mode does not persist either. After time has passed, noses are counted, and if too many are found to be of the wrong color or sex, the order comes down to quit stalling, to find one now, lest quotas be imposed. This order comes down but does not go out. Soft and hard modes of affirmative action agree in their lack of candor; they vary only in the degree of pressure, as push differs from shove.

To manage its two modes, to coordinate the uses of insinuation and threat, affirmative action has its very own bureaucracy. Affirmative-action officers are to be found in the employ of almost every large company and university. They are paid by the employer but they do not work for him. They work toward the achievement of affirmative action, no matter what that does to their employer, because their job is to see that their employer abides by federal regulations. Their job is not like that of a lawyer, who might advise his employer on how to stay within the law while keeping his best interests in view; nor is it like that of a policeman, who enforces the law impartially and is paid by the government. Like everything else about affirmative action, its officers are in between. Their job is neither to advise nor to enforce, but to exert pressure.

It goes without saying that affirmative-action officers must be members of protected groups. No white male could be trusted to have the necessary impartiality for that position, not even if he were a proponent of affirmative action. He might wish to do his best, but some tincture of bias would surely inhibit him in the pursuit of justice. Besides, an unsuitable affirmative-action officer could not provide the necessary support and reassurance to the blacks and wom-

en who are his protégés. They might get the wrong idea that white males are not prejudiced against them.

All the bluster against discrimination conceals the fact that the civil-rights movement has lost its high idealism and has descended to a mundane concern for jobs and honors. The result is demeaning, but worldly ambition can keep its aura of heroism if it can be said to struggle against racism and sexism. That struggle not only justifies appointments not based on merit but also dignifies the self-interest of those who accept them. In reality, prejudice is now at a low point in our history. Most affirmative-action programs do their best to kick in an open door at which personnel officers, suppressing their supposedly wicked hatred for the blacks and women they have bent every effort to enlist, stand ready with effusive greetings and all-consuming grins. Where hostility is met, it is more often resentment at affirmative action than prejudice against the protected groups as such. And when it is hard to find a job, as it frequently is, the reason is usually not prejudice but the scarcity of jobs. Tokenism, in fact, is an understandable, even a reasonable defense against routine accusations of discrimination. One insincerity creates another—and deserves another.

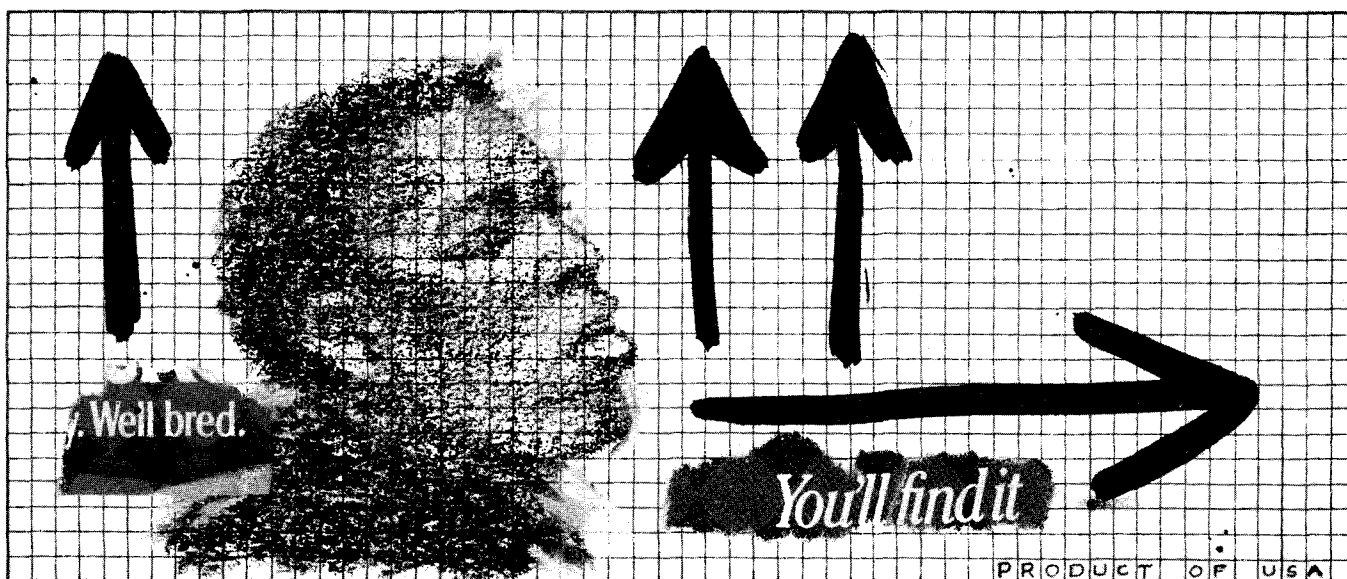
As befits its underhanded nature, affirmative action has an underhanded history. Although it is now a centerpiece of government policy, affirmative action never made its way through the legislative process with public notice and debate. As is well known, Hubert Humphrey and other managers of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 expressly denied that quotas or preferential treatment were required by Title VII of that act, and they put that denial into the language of Title VII. "Affirmative action" began as an undefined, apparently innocuous, phrase in an executive order with no direct reference to any duly passed law, and it just grew, with the eager cooperation and inventiveness of the courts. Even now it has no fixed meaning, and, as I have said, its proponents find it convenient to avoid fixing one, adopting hard or soft meanings depending on whether affirmative action is on the attack or the defensive.

While the meaning of affirmative action was being arbitrarily expanded, its protection was arbitrarily extended. Whereas the Civil Rights Act of 1964 represented a national consensus, the culmination of a grand struggle by

and for blacks, other groups have since taken advantage of the consensus on blacks to include themselves among the formerly oppressed and the currently bewildered. The women's movement, in particular, has taken a free ride on the injustices done to blacks. It provides no forthright argument that a society in which women stay at home is inferior to one in which they take paid jobs outside the home. Instead, the movement concentrates on "raising consciousness," which consists of showing women and men how they have always assumed women should be as they always have been. But slaves who can gain freedom merely by raising consciousness were never slaves. Men have in fact meekly surrendered, or eagerly offered, their privileges—only to be told that this is not enough. Men are still guilty, guilty, a thousand times guilty of sexism. Thus, affirmative action is both expiation of male guilt and a newfangled gallantry that many women deign to accept—they do not wish to push revolution too far. Women recognize that moderation is the way to have the best of both worlds. Let us hope they do not get the contrary: failing to keep the traditional courtesies they continue sexistically to prize while failing to gain, or savor when gained, an equal or greater-than-equal share (why not play to win?) of the top honors of this world. At the moment it is hard to think why they should not expect the worst of both worlds.

With such a dubious history, affirmative action has not been presented by its proponents as the fundamental change that it is. President Johnson spoke of the need for "equality of result" as something beyond "equality of opportunity," but the new equality was to be the result of living up to established principles. It was not a challenge to equality of opportunity but an improvement needed, it was said, because people do not have equal opportunities if they cannot take advantage of them equally because of a disadvantaged background.

"Background" is the key to the innovation made by affirmative action. One's background is the sum of one's nature, including both individual and human nature, and nurture, including both individual upbringing and the habits inherited from the history of a group. Equality of opportunity presupposes that nature is more powerful than nurture, that we have a fixed human nature, enabling an in-



dividual to overcome an upbringing of poverty and a history of deprivation. All the individual needs is an opportunity; his nature permits him to make a "fresh start."

Thomas Jefferson went so far as to conceive of a natural aristocracy to be elicited in the American republic through tests of merit. This reliance on nature has seemed too confining to more recent liberal reformers, many of them influenced by Marxism. They have concentrated on its limitations, particularly its self-interest, the selfishness of the old Adam. They have attacked the notion of a fixed human nature as reflecting a belief in original sin, which is bad because it is conservatism. Yet certain historically minded conservatives, with an exaggerated devotion to tradition, have joined these liberals in attacking the notion of a fixed human nature.

For both of these parties, history has proved to be a trap. The conservatives now have to admit that Communist revolution has an increasing share of contemporary history; so if man is history, our history is carrying us into revolution. The liberals, while meaning to extend reform by denying the limitations set by human nature, have in effect limited reform by calling into question our capacity to take advantage of it. Most liberals seem not to appreciate fully that affirmative action does not add to previous reform but criticizes it, and that the reform being criticized is liberal reform. They are used to thinking of progress in reform, by which one reform, inadequate or incomplete by itself, suggests another. With the advent of affirmative action, however, previous reform is declared ineffectual, not merely inadequate, and progress itself becomes dubious.

Those who favor affirmative action do not profess that they are abandoning equal opportunity; on the contrary, they promise to make opportunities really equal for the

What begins as an attempt to infuse our lives with morality ends as indifference to the means so long as the end is achieved

first time. They say that the natural endowments of the disadvantaged cannot overcome their histories right now, but at some time in the future, when those disadvantaged histories have been overcome by affirmative action, merit can once again be our standard and quotas be discarded. Affirmative action is thus professedly not an abandonment but a temporary postponement of equal opportunity. To say otherwise would be to admit that races and genders are permanently unequal.

But how long will it take to equalize the histories of blacks and women? At Harvard, the official policy is to continue affirmative action "until we have demonstrated to our own collective satisfaction that hiring decisions are absolutely color-blind and sex-neutral." *Absolutely* is a word not often heard at Harvard, where many people commonly say they do not believe in "absolutes." But the extremism of this absolute, which is necessary to the idea of affirmative action, has to be savored to be appreciated. It is not enough for us to decide, as best we can, on the basis of merit; each of us must be blind to his own color, neutral

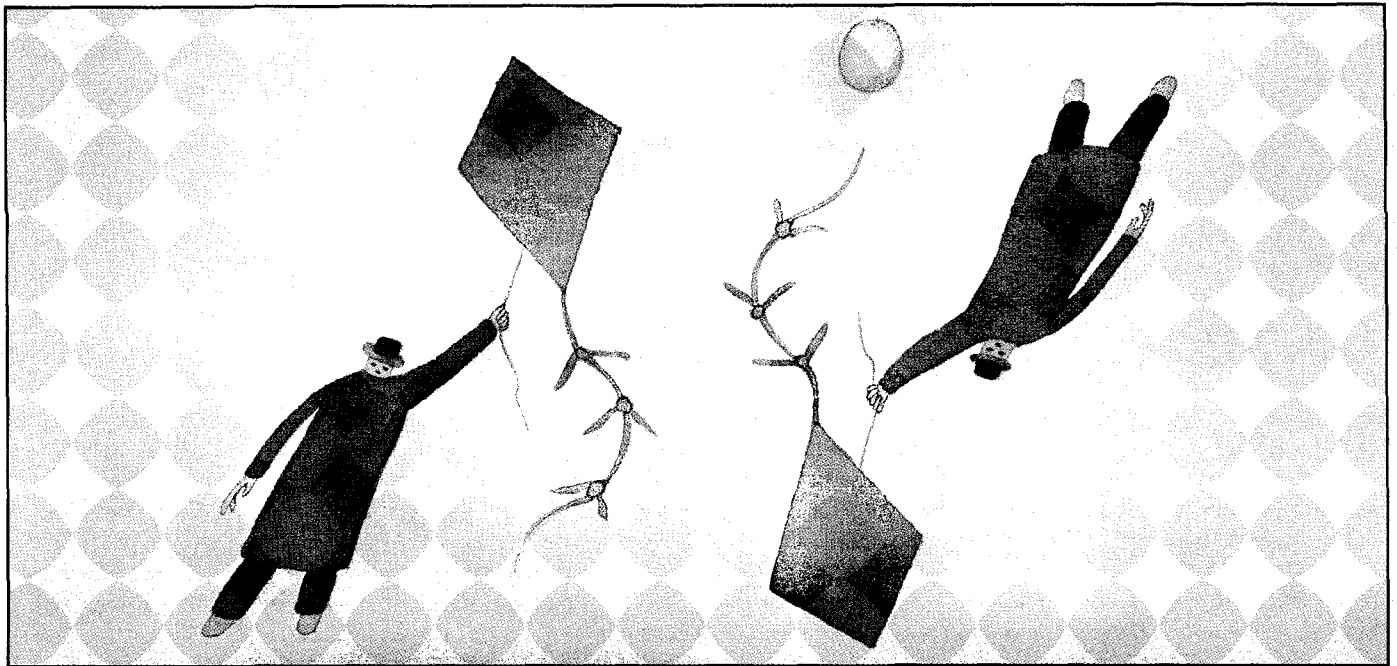
as to his sex. None of us can be trusted to decide on merit until each of us has repressed in himself any qualities that might possibly cause him not to decide on merit.

How is this marvelous repression to be achieved? Well, precisely by feeding the pride of race and sex in blacks and women and guilt of the same in white males. One state of mind—being absolutely color-blind and sex-neutral—is to be achieved by practicing its contrary. This is what is meant when we are asked to live up to our principles, to "close the gap between reality and ideals" (as the Harvard policy puts it). Since the goal is absolute, the policy adopted to get there will take a very long time to succeed, if it can ever succeed. And since the means used by the policy contradict the goals, even progress is unlikely. Affirmative action begins with the assertion that despite civil-rights legislation, prejudice continues and has got worse; then it concludes that despite the strength of prejudice, prejudice can and ought to be abolished; and last, it decides that abolition of prejudice can be accomplished by inflating it.

Some might think that the cure for the underhandedness of affirmative action is "open government," a policy of keeping nothing secret from the people. Not in the least! Open government was the means selected by the late, lamentable Carter Administration "to make government as good as the American people." It is also the operative ideal of the media, and it has a respectable source in the political philosophy of Kant. Open government, it is said, will make government more moral by making it more visible. This is just what affirmative action claims to do when it attempts to bring to light the informal truth behind a formal commitment to equal opportunity. It is no accident that affirmative action was most emphatically affirmed in the Administration that was devoted to open government.

Under affirmative action the same thing happens as under open government generally. A visible action that is at first taken as a *sign* of morality becomes a morality *itself*. A visible affirmative action taken to overcome racism, such as appointing a black to office, instead of being understood as a sign that racism is gone, is mistaken for a blow at racism. Attention is thus shifted from motive to result ("equality of result"), and it is wrongly concluded that we can destroy racism by appointing blacks—only the result matters, not the means. What begins as an attempt to infuse our public and private lives with morality ends as indifference to the means so long as the end is achieved; it ends as indifference to morality. The gap between reality and our ideals is not closed; it is merely papered over—with bureaucratic forms, in which empty accusations are answered by insincere protestations. The perfect example of this immoral moralism is the "consent decree"—an oxymoron if there ever was one—describing the treatment of a defendant who does not admit he is guilty but agrees under compulsion to act as if he were.

It would go too far to say that, in the matter of affirmative action, government by consent decree is replacing government by consent. But we have perhaps plumbed the depth of the harm done by affirmative action when we understand how it negates the principle of government by consent. The right to consent to government is often presented as a matter of justice, and rightly, because it is justice to count each person as one. But the right to consent is also a matter of dignity, because each person must



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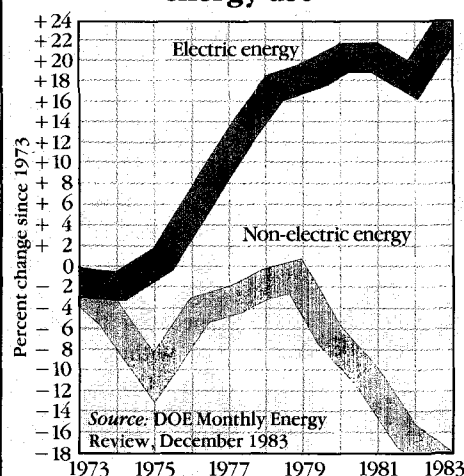
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count for something in order to be counted as one. It is the right to be treated as a person worthy of being taken seriously, as a rational creature capable of choice, who deserves to be persuaded and not taken for granted.

One cannot presume, therefore, how the right to consent will be exercised. One cannot suppose, for example, that blacks, because they are blacks, must want this and not want that. Of course, it is not always practicable to take a vote. It may be defensible to presume tacit consent in a situation from which one draws benefits, but consent that is presumed because of one's social and economic characteristics is an outrage. Whereas the first presumption declares what you have apparently consented to, leaving intact your right to withdraw consent, the second says what you *would* consent to, thus making actual consent unnecessary and bothersome. It is hardly surprising, and not reprehensible, that blacks should vote for blacks, but for them to do so automatically is no merit and deserves no praise. For the government to presume, as a matter of law, that blacks will do so is no mere prediction of how they will vote but an unthinking usurpation of their right of consent.

In the recent extension of the Voting Rights Act (1982), Congress flirted with the idea of affirmative-action consent that would have given protected groups the representation it presumed they would and should vote for. According to this bright idea, the government should no longer confine itself to guaranteeing the right to vote, but should now look to see how that right is exercised, in case voting by one method or another should deprive a minority of its

fair share of representation, *as calculated without reference to elections*. This was an attempt at mandated racist voting, and it was narrowly and only partially defeated.

It is not enough to describe our problem as a gap between reality and our ideals. Such a description overlooks the right to consent, which is the key to all our other rights. Our problem is in one way greater than a gap between reality and our ideals, and in another way more honorable. It is a gap within our ideals, a gap arising from the right of consent and reflecting the reality that free men are not free of prejudice.

Since this is so, and is likely to remain so, do we want to conclude that freedom should be withheld until all prejudice has been abolished? That is the totalitarian way—which says, in contradiction of itself, that men are worthy of freedom but not of gaining it on their own. But then, if we avoid this contradiction and allow that people should have “freedom now,” and not have to wait until government has declared them worthy of it, we must respect their right of consent. We must respect that right even in those who are prejudiced (and of course in those we merely disagree with). To do so is not merely a practical necessity—as if we were merely recognizing the gap between reality and our ideals—but a moral imperative derived from our central ideal, the right of consent.

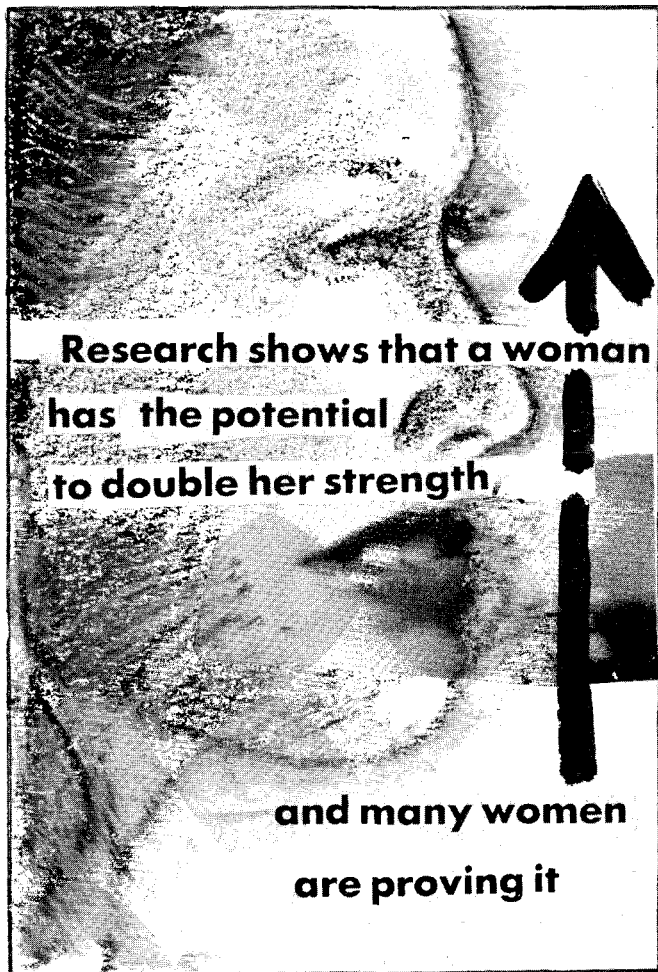
Living together in freedom requires more than justice, for after justice has been exacted, people are not always in a mood to live together. To put ourselves in the right mood for free society we must recognize the dignity of other citizens. We must treat them, to repeat, as worthy of being persuaded. This morality of consent requires us to consent, for the sake of our morality, to a gap between reality and our ideals. It also provides a necessary check on our moralism, when we try to rush into reform too confident that those who are opposed are merely prejudiced. Moralism gives morality a bad name and makes free citizens angry and impatient with one another.

Properly understood, the right to consent neither prevents us from resorting to compulsion when necessary nor disables us from attempting reform when desirable. In this proper understanding, consent has its forms and procedures whose observance makes it necessary to persuade one's fellow citizens. Consent must be registered in legal elections to offices in bodies established by law so that it is clear who are the winners and losers. The point is to leave the majority capable of action after the minority has been heard. A person's right to consent is not violated when he has been outvoted, and his dignity has not been denied when he has been outargued. The forms and procedures of a free government give definition to the dignity of free citizens. It knows when it can act, and we know when we have been consulted.

All these forms and procedures, together with the spirit in which they are practiced, have been called constitutionalism. They ensure respect for the means by which the right of consent is exercised, and thereby they secure respect for the right of consent. They *constitute* a free society; without such forms a society might be tempted to believe that freedom is doing as one pleases, or doing what one thinks is required by justice.

Affirmative action has no regard for the forms and procedures that serve as protection of the right of consent. It

(Continues on page 61)



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DREAM IN IT,
MEET IN IT OR
GREET IN IT...
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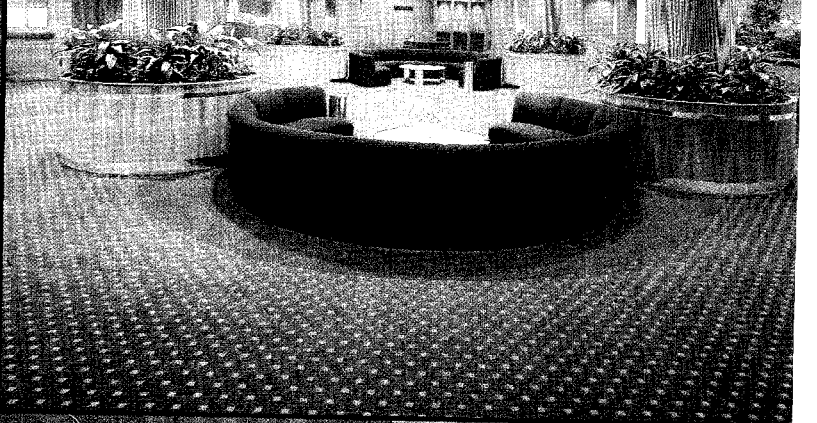


Palm Springs

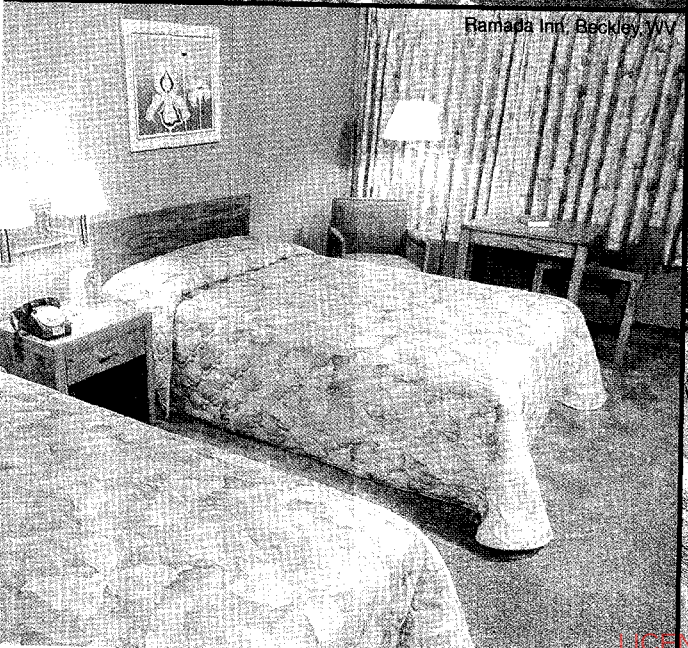
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NEW YORK, NEW YORK

THE FANS of Walter Mondale had clammy brows and white knuckles for a while there. All the money, all the promises, all the endorsements were washing away like blockage in a pipe flushed with Drano. New York finally and conclusively stopped the erosion. As Mayor Koch, shaking his great domed head for emphasis, put it at Mondale headquarters primary night: "My mother always said it's better to *win* than to *lose*."

Mondale effectively changed his campaign slogan from "Where's the beef?" to "Where's the embassy?" The embassy in question was ours, in Tel Aviv. The policy, supported by both Mondale and Hart, was to move it to Jerusalem. The issue was, when had Hart adopted the policy, and what did this signify about his staunchness for Israel? Ideally, he should have been able to prove that he had adopted it when he was still Hartpence, but it seemed that he had waffled as late as March. Even Jewish organizations soon sickened of the controversy. But it served Mondale's larger strategic purpose—to make the point that he was a known quantity. No surprises up those dour sleeves.

His economic pronouncements also stressed familiar themes. He held up the loans to New York City and to Chrysler as paradigms of government action. "Americans," he stated in his victory speech, "are telling me they're willing to work and take risks"—by which he meant risks on spendthrift cities and failing big businesses. "I want to bring us together again."

Gary Hart continued to call for new ideas. But the main thrust of his campaign appeared to shift to foreign policy, where all of his ideas were old and, whenever possible, to the left of Mondale's. He attempted to portray Mondale as a hawk, for his willingness to keep advisors in Honduras (both men would end operations against the Sandinistas in Nicaragua). He told a

meeting of the Foreign Policy Association that it was "vital" to "support democracy," then, a few sentences later, chided the Reagan Administration for "pumping guns and ammunition" into El Salvador (then in the midst of its own presidential campaign). He ended with a particularly fatuous statement, whose parallel structure bore the failing touch of Ted Sorensen. "We have confidence that our allies will be tough on the battlefield; we must also be confident they will be tough at the negotiating table."

On the subject of Central American history, Hart seems to believe a peculiar folklore. Morton Kondracke of *The New Republic* quoted Hart as saying that Somoza kept a cage of panthers in the basement of his residence, to which he would occasionally throw a hapless opponent. There is a grit of truth at the center of this pearl, which is that Somoza's father once put an opponent in a cage *next* to a cage that contained a lion. But the Sandinistas have embroidered the tale, and Hart repeats it. George Orwell used to pour eloquent scorn on Catholics and right-wingers who believed that Spanish Republicans sawed off priests' legs, and committed other naughty deeds. The monopoly on credulity seems to have crossed the political spectrum.

THREE DAYS before the primary Jesse Jackson marched through Harlem. The crowd patterns were revealing. In East Harlem, largely Puerto Rican: clear sidewalks, curiosity predominating. From Lenox Avenue on: mobs and joy. Racial identification is of course irrational—as irrational as Poles feeling pride in the Pope, or Italians putting on a little jock swagger because of the world-champion soccer team. Only a sourpuss would deny similar satisfactions to blacks.

But oh, what a candidate. The Hy-mietown controversy, like a slow-burn-

ing fireworks display, threw off another burst as Louis Farrakhan, Jackson's Muslim supporter, took to the radio and called Milton Coleman, the black *Washington Post* reporter who broke the story, a "traitor" and a "Judas," and threatened his life.

The ensuing flap established an interesting pattern. Jackson and his entourage are noticed when their wild talk involves liberal icons: ethnic manners, or the press. Meanwhile their daily traduccments of America go unremarked. The Jackson march ended with a rally at the foot of the Adam Clayton Powell State Office Building on 125th Street, where Amiri Baraka, *né* LeRoi Jones, read a poem condemning "racist rule," "freaky fascism," and "death freaks." He said of Hart and Mondale that "they only want seven trillion murders, not ten trillion." Jackson himself paid homage to Kwame Nkrumah and Sékou Touré—suggesting that he should run for president of an African country, providing he can find one that holds elections. At the kick-off rally to the parade, Monica Moorehead, another Jacksonite, spoke of "militarists" in the White House and the "racist" administration in City Hall. She represented something called the All-Peoples Congress, which looked as dreadful as it sounds, and which was very visible in Jackson's march. (The lone American flag was carried by the band of PS 22.)

Mondale or Hart will have to deal with this flotsam in San Francisco. As of now, it looks as if the lucky man will be Mondale. He has begun winning because, for all his unexciting demeanor, he does in fact speak for what the Democrats believe. Hart will try to turn Mondale's experience into a liability by hanging the record of the Carter Administration on him, but unless Hart can also come up with some new idea that is not founded upon a belief in his own excellence, that will not be enough. □



Consumer Orientation

No. 27 in a series

Subject: The Porsche philosophy of reliability on the track and in their street cars.

27

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LETTER FROM SPAIN F. REID BUCKLEY

How Does It Fare With Felipe?



IT WAS THE feast of the Virgin of Carmen, patroness of fishermen, and the town of Comillas, like most seafaring villages on the Iberian Peninsula, celebrated the occasion with a public dance in the square and special religious observances, here a week-long rosary that culminated in an evening Mass.

The church was packed, in part because only for this solemn and joyful feast does the town's extraordinary choir of men's and boy's voices ring out with the thrilling "Hymn to Christ," a Baroque musical gem of unknown provenance. All the township had gathered, rich, poor, pious folk, miscreants, wife-beaters, drunkards, and—yes, this is Spain—atheists. Among the last, late in arriving and making his way desperately through the dense jam at the rear of the church, tall, balding, yet still Gary Cooper-like handsome, came Pepe Luís, struggling to reach the choir, of which he is a member. Pepe Luís is not only an atheist, he is a leading member of the local Communist Party. His mother-in-law, who runs a grocery store in the main square, is its doyenne. A week earlier he had won *el gordo* (the "fat," i.e., big, prize of the national lottery); his one-tenth of the ticket, which had cost him 250 pesetas (\$1.68), paid off *ten thousand times*—2.5 million pesetas, or \$16,800. Even in these days of drastically eroded value, that ain't hay. But not because he had been suddenly transformed into a capitalist was he struggling now to take his place in time; he simply would not have missed pitching his voice—until it seemed his lungs must burst and his very heart explode—in praise of the Christ he loves and officially rejects.

As far as I know, Manuel Fraga Iribarne, the brilliant, politically doomed leader of the futureless right-wing opposition,* has only a single funny story in his repertoire. It's a goodie. An earnest young Protestant missionary is evangelizing on the stony soil of the dour Castilian province of Guadalajara, where tall, gaunt peasant women dressed in the solid black of King Philip II receive his words in silence. Finally, one of them takes pity. "Young man," she says, "why continue to waste your time? We don't even believe in the True Faith."

*See FRB's article "The Neolib Spanish Right," *The American Spectator*, February 1984.

Not much has changed under the Socialists, who have been in power a year now. Inflation, while moderating, rages still at 15 per cent and more. The peseta continues its precipitate fall against the dollar, worth less than two-thirds its value of a year ago. The 800,000 new jobs for the chronically unemployed (22 per cent of the work force) that were promised during the election campaign did not materialize. Far from it. The jobless figure rose by another two hundred thousand.

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même mess, because Felipe González (leader of the *Partido Socialista Obrero Español*—the PSOE—and prime minister of Spain) has committed the error of perpetuating, in the main, the sloshy socialist mistakes of his liberal-democratic predecessors. Spanish political humor, however, has happily revived. Quips and anecdotes abound, almost all scurrilous, many obscene, the palest of which only may I repeat here: "In what does Felipe resemble the Pope?" "Why, in two million who have repented." (Roughly the margin of the Socialists' victory.) For this quickening of the mordant Spanish wit, if not much else, the Socialists must be thanked.

The Spanish flag is publicly burned by idiotic Catalán and Basque ultranationalists, to the indignation of the overwhelming majority of Spaniards (there is, I think, a happy revival of patriotism, too), and, though apparently slowing down, the terrorist killings carried out by the Basque Marxist ETA extremists (the equivalent of the Provisional IRA in Northern Ireland) continue, orchestrated by the morbid Hispanic fascination with violent death. The newspapers smack their lips over bodies with bulging bellies punctured by bullet holes. A news pix that took the, uh, yuk, cake for me (I was having breakfast) was that of the remains of an ETA fanatic whose two kilos of plastique blew up in untimely fashion: There in the street lay half a human trunk, from about belly button up, with a single arm, the hand missing, still adhering to what was left of a shoulder, head and face a bloody gruel on the pavement. Goya woulda loved it.

Mr. Buckley, a contributor to The American Spectator, The Southern Partisan, and NR, is a novelist who spends his summers in Spain.

Scandals, one financial (the Rumasa bankruptcy), the second social, continue their reign in the press. I must admit that the murder of the Marquises of Urquijo, which took place in Puerta de Hierro, a rich and exclusive suburb of Madrid, is a gorgeous mystery. Who pulled the trigger is not at issue. In the blackest early hours of the morning of July 31, 1980, Rafael Escobeda Alday, the deadbeat, alcoholic, drug-addicted, and (they say) estranged husband of the Marquises' only daughter, broke into the house by the kitchen wing, snuck along the corridors, and shot Manuel de la Sierra Torres and María Lourdes de Urquijo to death, in the head, in their beds, in their separate bedrooms. (He died in his sleep; she apparently half awoke before being blasted into eternity.) But what was the motive? And was Escobeda—this is universally doubted—acting alone? He was finally sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment. But during the 24-month interval between his arraignment, first trial, and final sentencing, the police mysteriously lost such vital evidence as his recorded confession (made on the very day of the double murder, and subsequently recanted) and the cartridge cases of the mortal slugs.

This is scandal of the first social and financial water, reducing to small pertaters our own Claus von Bülow case. Sordid sham revelations about the family life of the Urquijos, containing whatever grains of truth, continue to thrill Spain even now, exciting unabating prurience. These include accounts of an (alleged) shabby love affair of the daughter with an (allegedly) crooked American promoter, of the son's (the only son's) hostile relations with his father, and on and on. Nobody's reputation has escaped. This is an Agatha Christie serial spiced up by *Penthouse*. Quickie books with the latest authoritative hypotheses pour off the presses, and moviemakers fight for the rights.

Riveting as the Urquijo case is, the public is even more concerned with the ongoing Arab Reconquest. The last of the Moors were finally booted out of Spain by Fernando and Isabela, as you may remember, in 1492, after almost eight centuries of struggle, and in the Friday prayers of every good Muslim the world over squats the plea that one day the garden of Granada, that mythic symbol, be returned to Mohammed's faithful. What importuni-

ties to Allah have not availed, OPEC is making possible. The sheiks, mostly Saudi Arabians, have hit upon the expedient of buying Spain back meter by meter, creeping up the coast from their base, south of Málaga, toward the hills of Alhambra.

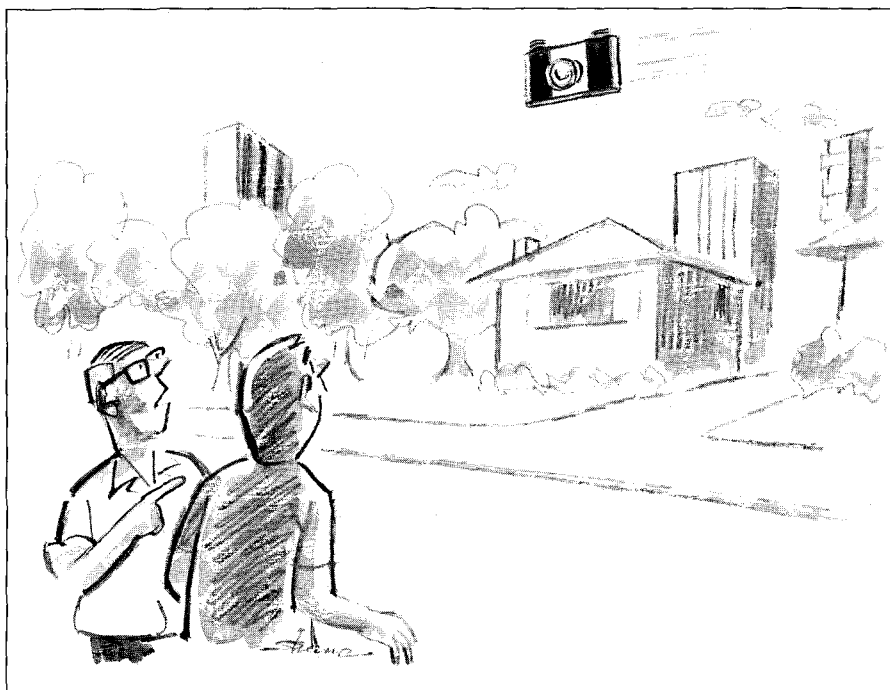
The Sheiks at Home

ALI BABA-SIZED fortunes have been made by crooked intermediaries, Moor and Christian, who do the actual business for their principals, robbing them outrageously. The oil sheiks don't seem to mind. They prefer being cheated to soiling their hands with the details of commerce. They want the best and most beautiful property available, with the most splendid views, on which they proceed to build the most ostentatious and luxurious housing possible. Here they install their tubby wives and musky concubines, dozens of children, and countless servants and retainers, and here they regularly hold their garish carousals, where the finest wines and most exquisite whiskies are swallowed (*pace* the Prophet) to the beat and clash of cymbals, and for which planeloads of English prostitutes are flown over in private Boeing 747s.

The extent of the speculation on the part of the Arabs' hirelings can be reckoned by this: One supplier I know well told me that he billed a certain sheik a little more than 100 pesetas each for bolts or nuts, or whatever,

which sum he personally caught the intermediary falsifying on his charge sheet as 360 pesetas. The point is that the desert princes *know* they are being scarred blind by the predators they hire to deal for them, but they don't give a date plum, they're so unbelievably rich. A friend who in the early 1960s bought a tract of about forty acres near Estepona, outside Marbella, for fifty grand, on which he built a large and gracious house for, oh, say, another sixty grand, two summers ago sold house and property to a desert chieftain for \$10 million. Uh-huh, ten million bucks. Percentage-wise, this is a bonanza not quite so good as Pepe Luis's, but OK. The buyer at once razed the house, because what he wanted the land for was to garage his personal collection of two hundred automobiles.

Now, the Spaniards have not completely ceded their Sun Coast to the Arabs. There is a *mil maravillas* development called Puerto Banús, which is an entire ersatz Spanish fishing village raised up from bare sand and seashells by one of Spain's most imaginative real-estate tycoons, with moorings for multimillion-dollar pleasure boats and a waterfront that is a cross between Worth Avenue and a casbah, where the innocent can be legally fleeced by rapacious restaurateurs and boutique keepers in less time than it takes to shear the wool off a newborn lamb. When the first stage of the mammoth

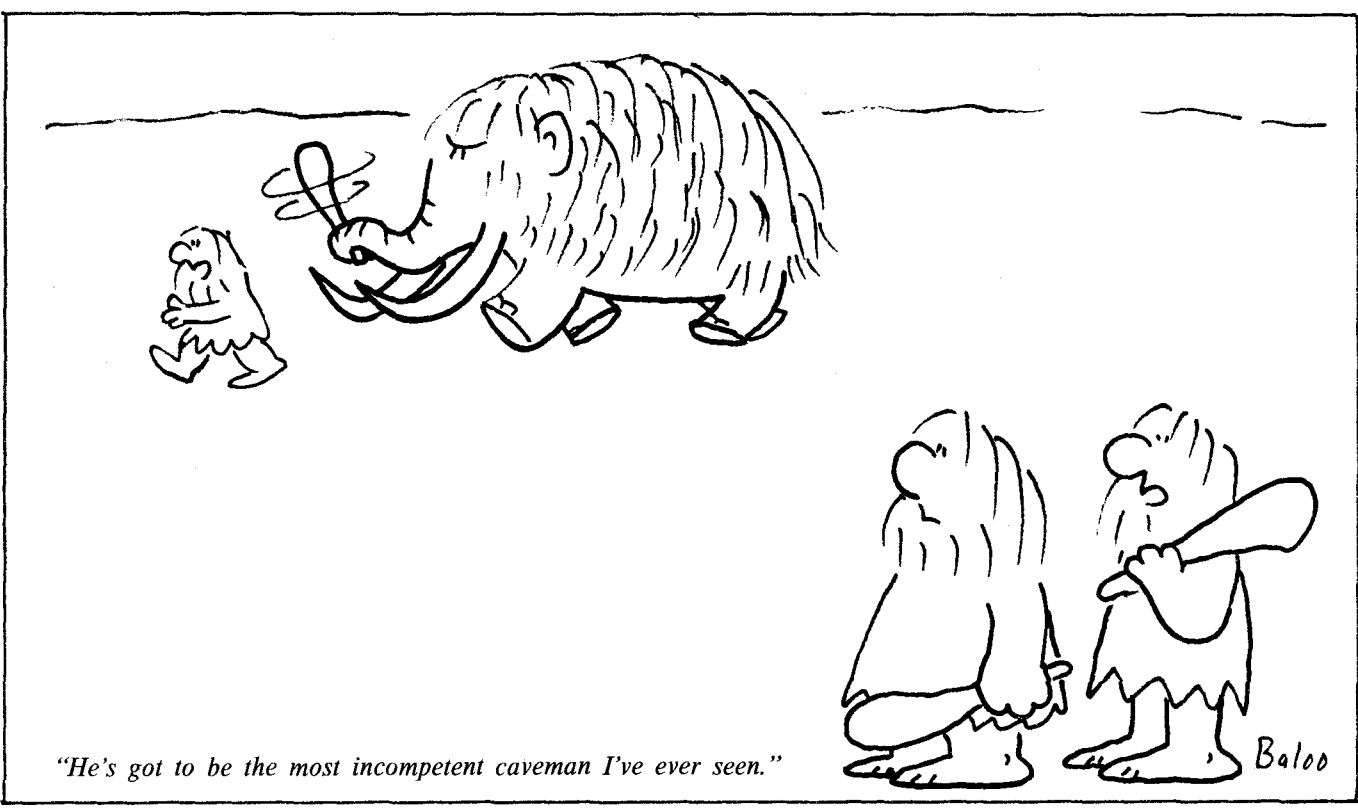
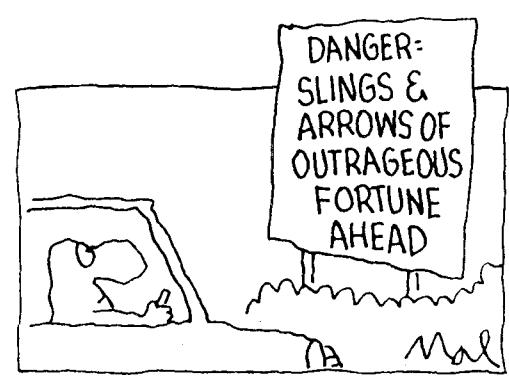


"Must be one of those spy satellites."

helo



"I see an IRS man who's trying to figure out what this poor old gypsy woman is earning."





Historians: The Durants

Today
is driven hard
along Tomorrow's track
by Yesterday's strong wind upon
its back.

Sifting
through the dead past
for the human flashes
caught like sandals in volcanic
ashes.

GLORIA A. MAXSON

project was nearly completed, the story goes, Banús went on an inspection tour . . . and threw up his hands in horror. He had hired master masons and master carpenters, and what had they done? Why, *they had built everything perfectly!* The beams of the rooftops were all as straight as arrows, the doors and windows were in perfect plumb. It was *awful*. It did not look like an Andalusian fishing village one bit. Banús, at a cost of millions, had everything torn down and begun anew, until he was satisfied that the spines of the rooftops sagged in picturesque imitation, and that shutters and doors hung lopsidedly from their obliquely set frames, as they should.

A Golden Epoch

AH, THE days of glory, the golden era of Franco prosperity. Gone. Long gone. Gone, mayhap, forever; to be recalled in some future century with that other golden epoch of the Conquistadors. Spain, under her first socialist government since 1936, continues on the slope of decline that has characterized her economic and social history since the Caudillo's demise. On the economic waterfront there is total stagnation, widespread personal bankruptcy, collective catastrophic mendicancy, together with a crushing national debt and a debased currency. And the political horizon, although tidied by the national elections of November 1982, deepens, if anything, in the bleakness of its portents.

And that is the *best* news about Spain during this winter of its discontent. The ineffective, bumbling, amateur-directed socialist government of Felipe González is the best government Spanish democracy has brought forth; because the two administrations preceding, those of the Duke of Suárez and of Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo, his successor, were no governments at all, their preoccupations being solely political.

Under Franco, whose phalangist base—never forget—was “national socialist,” and who himself was a soldier with heliocentric instincts coupled to a Christian Democratic sentimentality (the Caudillo loved nothing better than, for instance, to double the wages of all masons and hod carriers as a New Year's gift—which had you can imagine what catastrophic effects on projects midway through construction), Spain underwent a continuation of the

centralism and collectivism that have immemorably characterized her governments under crown, dictatorship, or (short-lived) republic. This explains how the prudish old codger, with his pot belly and high, thin, monotonous voice, managed to stay in power so many years, and by authoritarian standards with a minimum of suppression: because he was truly within the Spanish tradition.

Spain stagnated, as she had stagnated since the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, until the advent of the Opus Dei technocrats under the brilliant finance minister José María Ullastres, who, with his Erhardian liberal economics, ushered in the Franco prosperity—rather frightening the old fellow himself, who never quite understood how it all came about. But the slashing of red tape, the welcome given to foreign capital, and the boom in tourism (imagine 260 million people visiting the States every year; that's the proportionate impact on Spain), all occurring at once, transformed a nation of possessionless pedestrians into crazy mad drivers of little SEAT (Fiat) 600 runabouts, who owned television sets, who were buying their wee flats in Madrid and Seville and Barcelona on thirty-year state-subsidized credit terms, and who might even be dickering for a Eurohotel summer villa in Alicante or Torremolinos.

The handful of major banks, through the early 1960s, retained the vast majority of heavy industry in their cartelized hands; but by the middle of the decade, the new fortunes, coined from tourism and from hundreds of diversified industries, expressed themselves in a proliferation of new financial institutions. Competition—not, often, as we know it, but fierce by Spanish standards—grew and thrived, and everybody benefited.

Right along, however, the government was spending—and, to keep a restive people pacified, all the more so when Franco lapsed into his long senility. The deficits piled up, the trade balances turned negative. Came the first OPEC crunch in 1973. Spain had to spend precious hard-currency reserves on energy, and, at the same time, the worldwide recession of 1973-75 diminished the horde that regularly spilled over the Pyrenees to refill Spanish coffers. Debt was monetized; and by the time the Caudillo was cooling in his tomb (1975) inflation was in double digits. The caretaker governments

of the post-Franco vacuum hadn't the stomach for the necessary severe measures. Worse yet, there was an almost total absence of ideas. Not until November 1982 was a government elected with a mandate actually to govern, and that responsibility fell on the Socialists.

Young, vigorous, immensely popular, Felipe González can afford to be tough; and to a degree he has demonstrated that he is willing to incur the displeasure of the ideologues within the PSOE as well as that of his bases of support. The state-owned steel industry, for example, is hemorrhaging; González shut down inefficient mills last spring despite protests from the workers and howls from such as Alfonso Guerra, his doctrinaire rival. He plans to dismiss thousands more in the steel industry and in the equally inefficient railroads—again, despite shrieks of pain. In the works is a reform of social security that would provide minimum support only, leaving anything beyond the subsistence level to private insurance and pension plans. González has cracked down on moonlighting by absentee state employees; he has devalued the peseta once, and may soon again, and he has hiked the price of gasoline, which hike was very unpopular.

A Doubting Marxist

IN SHORT, there is a gritty streak of realism in Felipe. He is not a Miterrand. One gleans the impression that he is a socialist in the same way that my friend Pepe Luís is an atheist. He has dared where his predecessors would not, and sometimes in the right direction.

He cannot, however, turn his back completely on the ideology of his party and on the powerful labor unions, to which he owes his election. And though he may not even believe in the True Faith according to Marx, he is not likely to go on to civilized conversion. His pragmatism will be as effective as the correctness of its direction, and that will not always be liberalizing. His 1984 budget comprehends a 17 per cent increase in public spending and higher taxes. That is the wrong direction. But what should shame his predecessors on the Right is that he has had the courage to act, whereas they, poltroons preoccupied with personal power, simply stood by and watched their country go to pieces. □

WARM FRIDAY

A REMARKABLE SYMPOSIUM took place at the Heritage Foundation in Washington on Friday, March 23, a few days before President Reagan awarded the Medal of Freedom posthumously to Whittaker Chambers.

Actually, symposium is a formal word for what seemed a family gathering. Frank Shakespeare was the moderator that afternoon, and there were three main speakers: Anthony Dolan, the President's chief speechwriter; Jeffrey Hart, a professor of English at Dartmouth and a senior editor of *NR*; and Ralph de Toledano, author, critic, *NR* contributor, and close friend of Whittaker Chambers.

The Heritage Foundation's auditorium was not lacking in fellow-travelers and co-religionists: former congressman Walter Judd; Charles Lichenstein, recently of the U.S. delegation to the UN; Brent and Patricia Bozell; Gene Meyer; and many others for whom Whittaker Chambers is more than an historical figure, the ex-Soviet agent whose evidence against his former colleague, Alger Hiss, set in motion a series of events that changed the course of post-war history. The *Washington Post* story the day before the award would say "bent the course of history." Why quibble? On May 29, 1919, astronomers confirmed Einstein's theory of relativity by observing the bending of light during a solar eclipse.

Frank Shakespeare is as graceful, eloquent, and penetrating at moderating a set of speeches as he was at running the United States Information Agency and, now, his current agency, the Board for International Broadcasting, which oversees Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty. He is a rare post-Elizabethan on whom the name Shakespeare does not seem presumptuous.

"One thinks of Whittaker Chambers," he said in the gentle tone that was to remain throughout the afternoon. "In our lifetimes, he stands as a fork in the road. Nothing was ever the same in the West in terms of its perception of the rise of Communism and the meaning of Communism after Whittaker Chambers."

He introduced Tony Dolan, the youngest person to win the Pulitzer Prize (for investigative reporting), and one of the youngest to serve as chief speechwriter at the White House.

Dolan began by saying that after the President's awarding of the Medal of Freedom, "the press will try again." In the press's reaction to the announcement of the award, he found a bewildering—and bemusing—lack of altitude.

"It was odd enough," he said, "to see Chambers categorized as a perjurer and traitor; one might just as well call Solzhenitsyn 'a former Communist' or Augustine 'a sinner.'"

Mr. Bath is a Washington freelance journalist whose first novel will be published shortly.



But the supreme elision was found in those descriptions not at all calculated to offend: the portrayal of Chambers as a sort of precinct captain in the ideological wars of the 1950s—the brooding spy who put the spark to Richard Nixon's career and wrote anti-Communist tracts disguised as exposés." Chambers was more than that, said Dolan; else why would he have earned the supreme compliment from André Malraux ("You are one of those who did not return from hell with empty hands")?

Dolan spoke of pulling Chambers's autobiography off a library shelf as a college freshman and of weeping alone in a study carrel as he read "Letter to My Children," the prologue to *Witness*.

"What Chambers could never take into account," said Dolan, "was the power of his own testimony. He could not see himself as that most unlikely figure: like Zola, Thomas More, or Socrates, the intellectual as hero. And he could not have calculated that *Witness*, a book written precisely to reject politics, at least in its eschatological form, would have such enormous political impact. He certainly would have been downright disbelieving if told that

'At issue,' Hart quoted Chambers, 'was the question whether this man's faith could prevail against a man whose equal faith it was that this society is sick beyond saving and that mercy itself pleads for its swift extinction'

among the millions his book would stir would be an actor who one day, years later, in his [smile] first term as President of the United States—the smile was returned by the auditorium—“would step off his tiny elevator on the second floor of the White House residence, sit down near the rose window, and begin reciting to a self-important aide who had mentioned Chambers's name exact accounts of passages in *Witness*, leaving the aide remembering stories of self-important types who said that Lincoln told too many anecdotes.”

Shakespeare urged everyone to re-read “Letter to My Children,” remarking that “you will thank Tony for having brought it to your attention as a catalyst . . . One would think of another legendary figure, Solzhenitsyn, who, by virtue of *The Gulag Archipelago*, probably almost single-handedly turned the young in Paris from pro- to anti-Marxism.”

Professor Hart (né Hart) spoke as an historian of the America of Chambers's time, and of being told by Lionel Trilling one day, “Come on. Everybody was a Communist during the 1930s.” (Including, one might add, many of the editors of *NATIONAL REVIEW*.) “I was rather taken aback by that,” said Professor Hart. “The people I grew up among had been lawyers and businessmen, physicians and architects. And certainly not everyone had been a Communist during the 1930s. Golfers, maybe, but not Communists.”

Darkness at Noon, 1984, *The God That Failed*, Czeslaw Milosz's *The Captive Mind*, Hannah Arendt's *The Origins of Totalitarianism* were all works of testimony against the empire that was then consolidating its postwar hold on what used to be called Central Europe and was becoming Eastern Europe. “I take the title *Witness* to be really paradigmatic,” said Hart. “All these people were witnesses against totalitarianism.”

He went on to describe a half-dozen incidents in which people “either fell, jumped, or [were] pushed” down office stairwells or out windows, beginning with Marvin Smith, a Justice Department lawyer and close friend of Alger Hiss. This remarkably long list included Laurence Duggan of the State Department, also a friend of Hiss; Harry Dexter White, a principal figure in the Hiss case; the Canadian diplomat Herbert Norman; and Harvard Professor F. O. Matthiessen. The common factor in all of them, of course, was direct affiliation or sympathy with the Communists. Many of them were about to be exposed when they met with their accidents. “I think,” said Hart, “there are styles in political assassination, and the period style around 1950 was defenestration.”

He went on to talk about the “once-potent faith” in Soviet Communism that existed in this country, and reflected on Chambers's famous comment to his wife, Esther, on renouncing the Soviets in 1938: “We are leaving the winning side for the losing side.”

“If we no longer are [on the losing side],” said Professor Hart, “and I don't think we are, Chambers made a major contribution to that transformation.”

He then raised a question: whether spiritual faith is the necessary antithesis of Communist ideology. Can one be an atheist and understand Chambers? Is belief in God the antidote itself, or merely an aspect of the renunciation? “Two faiths were on trial,” Hart quoted Chambers. “Human societies, like human beings, live by faith and die when faith dies. At issue in the Hiss case was the question whether this sick society, which we call Western civilization, could in its extremity still cast up a man whose faith in it was so great that he would voluntarily abandon those things which men hold good, including life, to defend it. At issue was the question whether this man's faith could prevail against a man whose equal faith it was that this society is sick beyond saving and that mercy itself pleads for its swift extinction and replacement by another. At issue was the question whether in the desperately divided society there still remained the will to recognize the issues in time to offset the immense rally of public power to distort and pervert the facts. Faith against faith.” While spirituality empowers the anti-Communist to make the sacrifices over the long run and to prevail, Hart said, it was not his conviction that religious faith is a necessary element in the struggle against totalitarianism.

Of course no scholar of Professor Hart's standing would fail to answer his own question, and no Tory of his standing would answer it without allusion to the England of 1726. His closing anecdote and metaphor involved Jonathan Swift, Walpole, and a dead crow.

Ralph de Toledano was the main event by virtue of his having been one of Whittaker Chambers's closest friends. Here was a man who had been witness to the Witness. As he rose to speak, I had a sense of—call it awe, the feeling I used to get as a child upon finding out that history was something other than what went on in books.

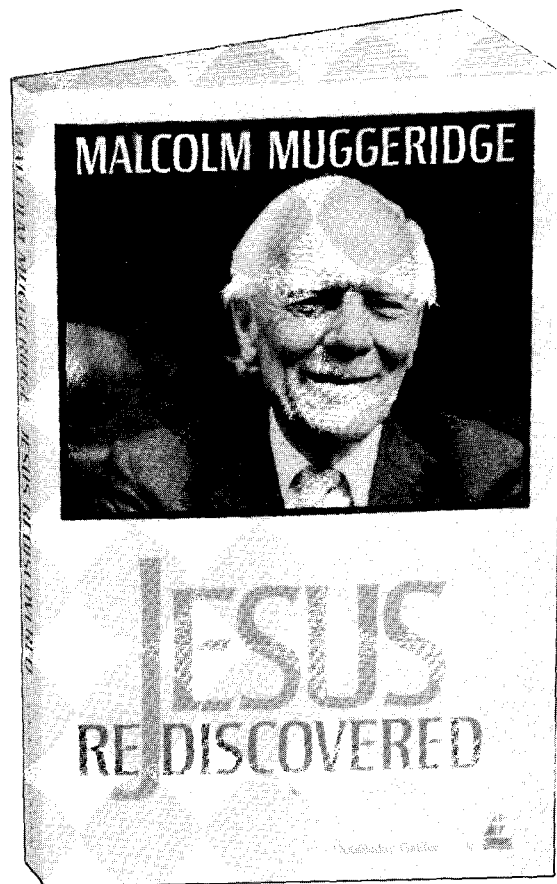
“At the height of the Hiss case,” Toledano began, “when you couldn't pick up a newspaper without reading, ‘Who is lying, Hiss or Chambers?’ I got a phone call from Sidney Hook, the philosopher. And he said, ‘Ralph, you know that I know Chambers is telling the truth. I know Hiss is lying. I know everything Chambers has told committees in testimony is absolutely true. But why does he have to drag God into it?’

“And I said, ‘Sidney, that's what it's all about.’

“What those of us who had fought the Communists over the years in our writings and organizationally and so on had never quite summed up in our minds was that this struggle was not one of police files and espionage. It was a struggle, as Whittaker Chambers said, between God and man. This was the importance of Whittaker Chambers.”

As he began to talk about Chambers, his eyes filled

HERE



IT IS!

**(a book you'll
never forget)**

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Ralph de Toledano closed his reminiscence of his friend, his eyes flashing through the moisture. 'Let me tell you a little secret. When he said that he was on the losing side, I don't think he really believed it'

with tears that did not dissipate until he sat down ten spellbinding minutes later.

In 1949, Toledano had been working on his (classic) book on the Hiss case, *Seeds of Treason*. Mutual friends arranged a meeting between him and Chambers, who was not talking to reporters or to people who were writing books. "He came to dinner at my house in New York, just to talk to me so that I could ask him questions and get to know him a little bit. He arrived at seven in the evening and left at three in the morning. And when he left, my whole life had changed."

He recalled Chambers once driving him to the Baltimore train station and giving him an envelope to deliver to his literary agent in New York. It was the manuscript of the first chapters of the book that the *New York Times* review would call "one of the most significant autobiographies of the twentieth century." Chambers told him that he could read them if he wanted to. "And I got on the train," Toledano said, "this envelope on my lap, and looked at it. And though I had this love and admiration for Whittaker, I said to myself, 'Supposing it's no good?'"

Broad grins in the audience.

"Finally I opened the envelope and I read the 'Letter to My Children,' and I cried.

"Well, I delivered those chapters to Bernice Baumgarten, his agent. And a few days later, I got a letter from Whittaker in which he said, 'I gave you those chapters and I told you you could read them. And after you got on the train, and driving back to the farm, I kept thinking, 'Suppose Ralph doesn't like them?'"

Toledano talked easily, as if to a friend by firelight, and not to an auditorium full of people. It was very quiet. He spoke about the farm in Westminster, Maryland, to which Chambers retired shortly after the case.

"I watched him bringing in the hay, the hay bales, with his wonderful wife, Esther. Sat with him on the back porch, watching the kingfishers fly about and talking to him and watching the wonderful light and the humor in those prescient blue eyes of his. I got to know him. I became his disciple, in a way. He was perhaps the only man I ever knew who understood what the struggle was about. He used to say, 'I am not a conservative. I am a man of the Right.' It was a very valid distinction. He was a man of the Right." (Later, during the question period, Toledano was asked to amplify that remark of Chambers's. "I don't think he had very much patience with the conservative view that all of our troubles would end if we got rid of the government. I think also he said this because he had lost a little patience with many of the conservatives he dealt with.")

Toledano continued. "I remember when he spoke about the struggle, and he was talking in terms of Communism, God and faith and freedom. But then he said, 'The key

man of this century is the Bolshevik. And he will be brought down by the anti-Bolshevik.' He understood.

"He never once said a bad word about Alger Hiss. He saw Hiss as the embodiment of the Bolshevik, of the man who had rejected God, and had rejected the traditions and the faith of the Western world—who was ready, as Karl Marx had said, to change the world.

"And there were times when I got very angry with him. And I said, 'Look! Look what this man has done to you.' In the Baltimore depositions, Hiss had struck directly at Esther Chambers. I said, 'He has spread rumors all over New York about you—vile rumors. How can you support this son of a bitch? How can you speak well of him?' And Chambers just smiled. I think he really admired Hiss as the embodiment.

"He was amused when Richard Nixon said to him, 'If the American people really knew Alger Hiss the way I do, they would boil him in oil.' But I don't think that Richard Nixon ever understood Chambers, although he respected him and admired him. Nixon was always a little afraid that if he showed that he was a little too close to Chambers it might hurt him politically, which President Reagan was not concerned over. In fact, I think one of the great acts of the Reagan Administration was awarding the Medal of Freedom posthumously to Chambers."

Ralph de Toledano closed his reminiscence of his friend by saying, his eyes flashing through the moisture, "Let me tell you a little secret. When he said that he was on the losing side, I don't think he really believed it."

The applause began. I was glad to have heard him make that last comment. In spite of Afghanistan, Central America, Poland, Vietnam, Ethiopia, Syria, and all those other places, it was possible to believe what he had said. Chambers would surely have been astonished to be told, as the clouds closed round him, that the day would come when an American President would bestow on him the nation's highest civilian honor. Something Toledano had said a few moments earlier made me think he would have been amused, rather than surprised.

Whittaker Chambers loved music, and once wrote Toledano to say he needed a stereo. Toledano brought one out to the farm. Chambers was happy to have it, but had no records. Toledano, who was reviewing records for the *American Mercury*, started sending him packages of records. Chambers would write, as always, to thank him.

"And I still remember a letter I got from him in which he said, 'You sent me two Requiem Masses. One would have done me.'"

The Heritage Foundation will publish the transcript of the Chambers Symposium. Copies may be obtained by writing to the Foundation, at 214 Massachusetts Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

A RIGHT TO DIE?

ELIZABETH BOUVIA, a quadriplegic in Riverside, California, wants to starve herself to death. The hospital in which she spent seven months said, in effect, Not here. It obtained the backing of a local court for feeding Mrs. Bouvia by force. This decision—which has now forced Mrs. Bouvia to check herself out of the hospital—seems an abuse of the court's and of the hospital's power.

Not that I am in favor of suicide. But suicide is legal in all states of the U.S. that I am familiar with. For good reason: It is impossible to punish a successful suicide in this world, for he has left it. Wherefore the threat of punishment is unlikely to discourage would-be suicides. On the other hand, an unsuccessful suicide is not going to be cheered up by punishment and discouraged from trying again. Hence, there is no point in making suicide unlawful.

Morally, opinions differ: Some think suicide is licit, others do not. Most think, intuitively, that a suicidal person is deranged. Usually this intuition is correct. But not always. There can be rational reasons for suicide, although 90 per cent of people who commit suicide are permanently or temporarily deranged. Not infrequently they are despondent about a temporary situation and temporarily unable to grasp the temporariness of that situation. Thus, the present practice has much to be said for it: The cops usually take people who attempt suicide to a psychiatric hospital where they are observed to find out whether or not they are incompetent, in need of custodial or other care. If they are competent they are released. The two weeks of "observation," together with the failure of the suicide attempt, often are cathartic enough to prevent further attempts.

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Ideally more care is needed. Surely a person desperate enough, or deranged enough, to try suicide ought to be helped to overcome his problems if at all possible. Psychotherapy and social work could help. Yet hospitals seldom can give more than custodial care. Still, even the present, less than ideal, practice is better than nothing. It temporarily protects the suicidal person against an impulse that may be temporary, although, if he remains suicidal, not much help is provided.

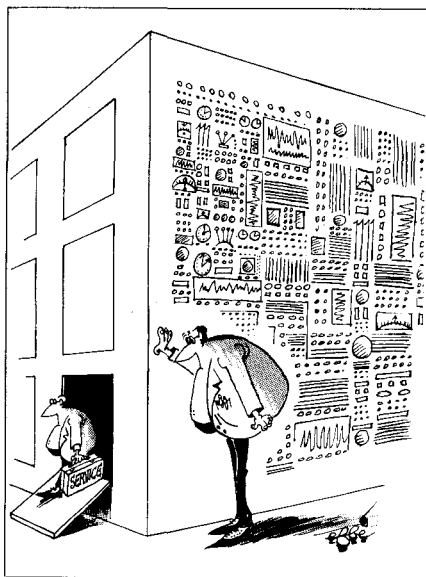
Whereas 90 per cent of suicides are deranged, the remaining 10 per cent may realistically find their situation to be hopeless and rationally prefer death to life. Religious persons think it presumptuous to make decisions about their own death themselves. Religion requires us to leave this decision to God. But not everybody is religious. And the government in the U.S. is not meant to enforce religious doctrines. Rational suicide—such as the recent suicide of Arthur Koestler—is possible. It cannot be prevented by law, and I do not believe it should be, if it could be, although most of us intuitively, or doctrinally, oppose it.

However, aiding and abetting a sui-

cide is regarded as a crime and can be effectively punished. There appear to be sound reasons for outlawing such aid. If we allow Smith to help Jones commit suicide, the help may be indistinguishable from persuasion and the persuasion indistinguishable from homicide. To be sure, there are cases in which such help is well intentioned and well motivated. But such cases are not easy to define in law. Thus a person who wishes to commit suicide must do so by his own efforts. If he is unwilling to rely on his own efforts it may well be a sign that he does not really want to commit suicide. Society certainly should not permit anyone to persuade, help, or push him.

SO FAR so good. But we must now consider the case of a person, Mrs. Bouvia, who wants to commit suicide, but is physically unable to do so by her own efforts. According to current law, even in such a case nobody is entitled to help her end her life by any positive act. But that is not the issue. She only wants to be left alone. She does not want to be helped. She only wants not to be forced, against her wishes, to take nourishment. Should she be forcibly prevented from starving herself to death? Should the hospital in which she was staying have been authorized to feed her parenterally against her will? Or through a tube in the nose? The hospital insisted that if it did not force-feed her it might be liable for abetting a suicide, and a California court authorized the hospital to force her to accept nourishment as long as she remained there. This interpretation of the law strikes me as perverse.

A few years ago a number of Irish terrorists starved themselves to death in British prisons to protest British policies. The British government certainly had the right to force-feed them, for they were convicts, not entitled to



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the liberties nonconvicts are entitled to. But the British government—wisely—allowed them to do as they wished, without fear of being accused of aiding suicide or of being held liable by the families of these men. The British government felt that even a convict should be allowed to refuse food if he so wished.* A hospital—or a prison—may be liable for failing to artificially feed patients who cannot eat by normal means, or are incompetent. But not a patient who will not eat. He has a perfect right to decline food, or medicine, or an operation, if he so wishes and is competent to understand the consequences.

True, a hospital, unlike a prison, should not have to keep competent patients unwilling to accept its rules. But there are exceptions. For Mrs. Bouvia to be forced to sign herself out of the hospital was barbaric. In her condition Mrs. Bouvia needs painkillers and care not readily obtainable outside a hospital regardless of whether she wants to live or die. Nor could someone in her condition take care of herself outside a hospital. At this writing we do not know what plans Mrs. Bouvia has made, but barring special arrangements she would have to be visited by social workers and nurses, who, upon noting that she was starving herself, would regard it as their duty to take her to a hospital where she would be force-fed once more. Surely this would happen once she was in a coma, if not before.

WOULD IT have demoralized the hospital—patients and staff—to allow her to voluntarily end her days there? I cannot see why. Many people die in hospitals, involuntarily in most cases. The fact that Mrs. Bouvia would have been doing so voluntarily does not seem to me to be demoralizing—certainly not more so than keeping her alive by forcing nourishment on her, and having a guard at her bedside to prevent her from using the one arm she can (partially) control to remove the feeding tube.

The truth is quite simple. Mrs. Bouvia could, at least temporarily, be pre-

vented from exercising an ability we all have—to starve ourselves to death—by the fact of her handicap. A competent person who is not physically incapable cannot be prevented from starving himself to death if he so wishes. Nor, as the case of the Irish prisoners illustrates, should such a person be forced to nourish himself. Mrs. Bouvia is mentally competent. But she is a quadriplegic. The California court has connived with the hospital to use her helplessness to impose a decision on her that could not have been imposed if she were not in the helpless condition that caused her to wish to starve herself to death. This is discrim-

ination with a vengeance—discrimination generated entirely by Mrs. Bouvia's handicap.

The court and the hospital ought to be ashamed of themselves. Mrs. Bouvia ought to be permitted to receive what care she requires. She ought to be able to decline what she does not want. Surely her declination is neither frivolous nor incompetent. There are no indications of incompetence. She ought to be able—within the very small range fate has given her—to live and die as she wishes, even if many people may pray that she decide to live. But surely no one has a moral or legal right to force her to. □

A Poem in 'The New Yorker'

(The following lines, here stitched together by Corinna Marsh, all appeared in recent issues of The New Yorker.)

Is serious about Andromeda
too. The doorman lets me in
to Renaissance interiors.
But I remember Cavafy in Redondo—
just ask my parents—who now are
gone. The pocket calculator with E for ERROR
forgets. But "*l'impassivité sauvage*"
has magic memory, needs 50 mg. of Librium
for indexing its second-favorite neighborhood
near Madison Square.

A gentian-blue Cyclopean eye
sees flattened dinosaurs go whizzing by.

*(Good heavens, no! A rhyme
Crept in there somehow. Crime!)*

No one at all was going anywhere
except Henry Purcell who,
as quotidian as mist,
died in Japan.

Mourners? Oh, yes. They cried because a loved one died.

*(What's that? A cliché coming through?
For shame! A cliché'd never do.)*

In the forest they loved they made love
but there were rats
albeit tawny rats, wood rats, not skittering mousy rats
that scratch at lintels in compulsive cities.
Puberty had erupted by then.
I was coming out of my cocoon and into the solemn piazza
of my bed. While washing dishes I learned about
the shoelaces of hills and streams and oceans. Page Cassandra.

*(This avant-garde effort is far from my forte—
Though less than two pages long, doubtless too short
For New Yorker editors, mileage-inspired.
For me, though, at this point I'm suddenly tired.)*

—CORINNA MARSH

*I am informed—I hope incorrectly—that some Irish priests encouraged the suicides. If so, these fanatics bear a heavy burden of responsibility for encouraging actions contrary to the tenets of the faith they and the suicides professed.

THE BALTIC NATIONS' STRUGGLE

THE THREE NATIONS tucked along the eastern shore of the Baltic Sea—Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania—share the melancholy distinction of being the first countries seized by the Soviet Union after the initial setting of boundaries following the consolidation of the Bolshevik regime in the early Twenties. On June 17, 1940, shortly after Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov had dismissed reports of a forthcoming Soviet annexation as lies spread by the “imperialists,” Soviet troops marched into the three Baltic states. But this first Soviet occupation didn’t last long. In June 1941, Hitler broke with his one-time ally, and Nazi troops invaded the Baltic nations, sending the Soviet armies reeling. In 1944, however, the Soviet troops came back, and they have been there ever since, although many Western countries, including the United States, refuse to this day to recognize the Soviet claim that the three Baltic states are part of the Soviet Union.

While many people are aware of the tragic fate of the Baltic nations, only a few have any clear idea of what they represent ethnically, historically, and culturally. Estonia, the northernmost and the smallest, is inhabited by a people closely related to the Finns, their northern neighbors (the two nations are separated only by the Gulf of Finland). The Estonian language belongs to the non-Indo-European Finno-Ugric family: While the Estonians are brothers of the Finns, they are also cousins of the Hungarians. Having been conquered in early times by the Teutonic Knights, the Estonians were given a Germanic culture; when the Knights accepted the Reformation, the Estonians followed suit.

Latvia, situated between Estonia and Lithuania, has more or less the same history as Estonia, but with important ethnic differences. Together with Lithuanian and Old Prussian, Latvian belongs to the Baltic group of Indo-

European languages, a group nearer to ancient Sanskrit than to any other European language. The easternmost part of Latvia, called Latgallia, though genuinely Latvian, was originally part of Lithuania and thus part of the “Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth.” Latgallia was Catholic and had a much higher birth rate than the rest of the country; in fact, Latgallians were principally responsible for Latvia’s rate of population increase.

The case of Lithuania, the southernmost of the Baltic states, is perhaps even more complex. It is an historic nation that in the Middle Ages held power over an empire as large as France, one that stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The Lithuanians were the last pagans left in Europe. In the fourteenth century, Grand Duke Gedimin invited Christian missionaries into the country, but he himself refused to convert. However, his grandson Jagiello was baptized in 1386 in Cracow and married the heiress of Poland, thus creating an empire as large as the Holy Roman Empire.

Though Poles and Lithuanians speak different languages, the two peoples became politically commingled. Nearly all of Poland’s royal families are of Lithuanian origin, as were such famous Poles as the poet Adam Mickiewicz and the warrior-statesman Josef Pilsudski. Yet, however beneficial the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth was for both parties, Lithuanians feared that they were losing their national identity to the Poles. When the hour of liberation struck in 1918, Lithuanians opted for separation, with Vilnius as their capital. But the Poles took the city, which was heavily Polish, by force.

Though the Lithuanians were the last of the Baltic peoples to embrace Christianity, they eventually became the staunchest of Catholics. Their high birth rate forced many to emigrate (mostly to the United States).

For the Kremlin, the Baltic states

are important on several counts, and it will cling to them as long as it can—until, that is, the Balts liberate themselves or are liberated. Like the citizens of the German “Democratic” Republic, the Baltic peoples are hard-working and technically skilled, two qualities not often found inside the Soviet Union. What’s more, because of their geographic position and civilizations, the three states provide excellent “windows to the West.”

TO BE SURE, the rulers of old Russia long dominated the Baltic nations—Czar Alexander III was the first Russian ruler who tried to “Russianize” the Balts—but the Leninists have been far more systematic and ruthless than their Czarist predecessors. They have relied on deportation of the native population (plus an occasional execution) and importation of Russians to increase the percentage of Russians inside the Baltic republics.

Estonia faces the most precarious demographic future, followed by Latvia. Lithuania has the brightest prospects, because of its high birth rate and its overwhelming loyalty to the Catholic Church. Whatever the tragic and superfluous tensions between the Poles and Lithuanians, the Polish Pope means a lot to the Lithuanians. Unlike some of his predecessors, John Paul II knows the ways of the Kremlin and also knows the plight of the Lithuanians—as well as their long record of resistance.

In 1924, shortly after the Baltic nations won their independence, historian H. W. V. Temperley wrote “that the epic of the Baltic nations’ struggle for independence will rank high among the world’s records of such performances.” The Baltic nations are no longer independent, but they are still struggling, almost 44 years after the first Soviet takeover. The epic of the Baltic nations is by no means ended. □

THE REVOLT AGAINST OUR PUBLIC CULTURE

HERE WE go again. In 1984, the Democrats have presented us with one preacher (Jesse Jackson), one former divinity student (Gary Hart), and two sons of ministers (George McGovern and Walter Mondale). Words like "conscience" and "soul" light up the air above this darkling plain, while President Reagan is leading the charge to "bring God back to our public schools."

If I were not a Christian, I would be even more alarmed. A rather large majority seems to see the United States as "a Christian nation." Would that make non-Christians less than first-class citizens?

This is, of course, no one's intent. What seems to have happened is that the public life of the United States, particularly in the media (and, more particularly still, television), has been far more secular than the American people are. In the face of the public media, countless devout Americans feel as if they are "strangers in their own land." At Christmas, their children get "Frosty the Snowman"—no sense of Hanukkah or the birth of Jesus. At Easter, they get secular cartoons—no Passover, no Exodus, no death and resurrection. Cecil B. de Mille is not a substitute for the symbols that nourish millions of Americans.

If the religious people of the United States depended on the mass media to nourish their inner lives, they would long since have perished in a wasteland. Our media are broken cisterns. They give no life. Diversion appears to be their solitary aim.

What happens to a people when the public presentation of myths, symbols, stories, and images no longer reflects its inner necessities? A certain demoralization takes hold. Each family is thrown back upon its own resources, receiving little or no nourishment from public sources. Parents struggle to in-

culcate values that the media, too often, either ignore or assault, or sometimes aloofly patronize. I don't know for sure about other families. But my wife and I have often felt that the world of the media was a tidal wave, which we could hardly hold back by ourselves. We have long felt under siege, even in our own home. A culture has gone awry when the guardians of the media do not defend the moral resources of the nation's families, but treat them with indifference and contempt. Not only the creators of the Babel that floods our homes, but even the sponsors of their shows have been neglecting their responsibilities. One does not want corporate sponsors to become censors. But neither does one want them to commit public suicide, taking us with them as unwilling victims, by undermining all the values on which we, and they, depend.

• Consider the simple matter of fidelity within marriage. When was the last time you saw marital fidelity praised and honored, its struggles appreciated, its beauties sung? Yet if husband and wife cannot be faithful to each other, to whom or to what can they be faithful? On what basis is self-government within a nation possible, if self-government within families is scorned? Most of television seems populated by swinging singles.

Chastity and the governance of passion among the young are not solely private goods; they are the groundwork, the texture even, of all later self-governance. One would think that guardians of the public morals—which is what media people are, like it or not—would give some care to what they set before the young. One would not expect them to pander. But they do.

One does not expect the panjandrum of television to be Puritans, either. Yet it would be so much easier for families if they were. Then *par-*

ents could be the "liberating" influence, rather than the only ones in the entire culture saying no.

More than half of all good education, especially of education in the use of liberty, is saying no. It is not true that "anything goes," even in free societies within which virtually everything is possible. Realistic judgment, taste, accurate assessment, and character—all are formed by saying no to shoddy, deficient, criminal, and vicious possibilities. There is an infinity of ways to get things wrong morally, Aristotle wrote, only one way of making fully moral choices: by assessing every element correctly and acting with courage accordingly.

IT IS HIGH time that this nation publicly confronted its own moral and religious nature. That nature is pluralistic. We are a people of many disagreements, who have proven that even in diversity we can live cooperatively together. We must scrupulously respect our pluralism.

This cannot be done, however, through moral indifferentism. It is sad to see so many college students who think that pluralism means moral relativism; who think that what they "feel" is right is right "for them," and what you "feel" is right is your business, not theirs. Such relativism reduces genuine pluralism to molasses. It is powerless before ugly passions, as it was before Hitler. It can hardly say no even to humble personal behavior.

A neoconservative, it has been said, is a liberal with teenaged daughters. Parents alone cannot supply the place of a public culture. Our own public moral culture, formed pre-eminently by television, cinema, and music, is a disgrace to the human race. It should reform itself, before popular revulsion gathers and erupts. □

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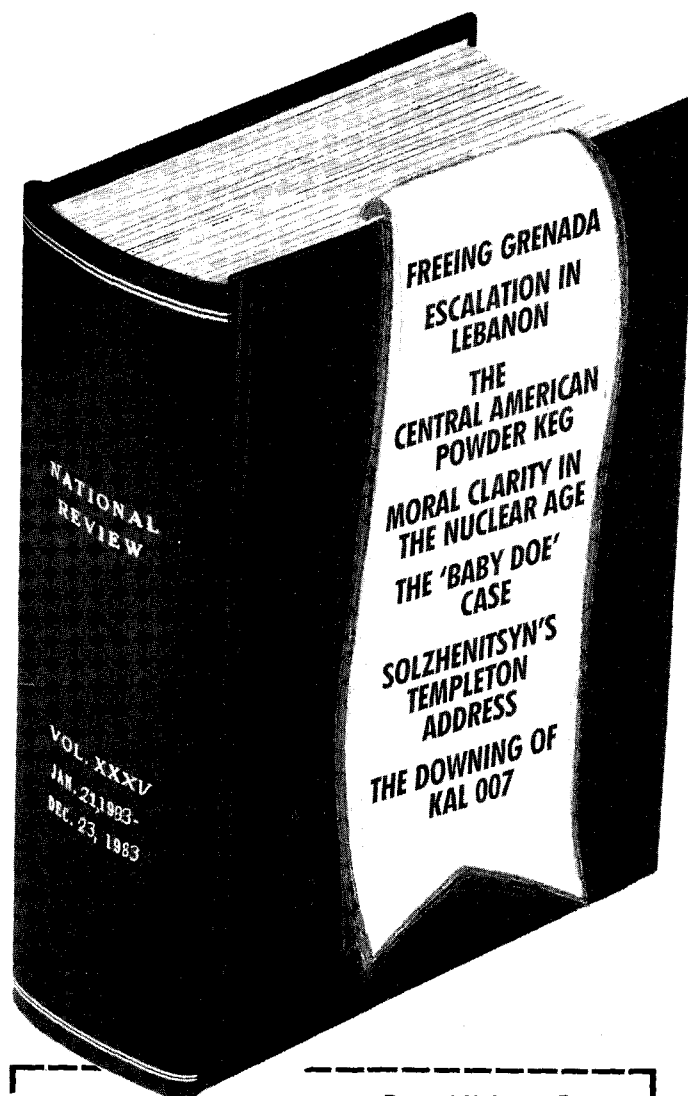
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BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

NEC TEMERE, NEC TIMIDE

M. D. Aeschliman

A Warsaw Diary, 1978-1981, by Kazimierz Brandys
Random House, 261 pp., \$17.95

SO MANY profound writers have emerged out of the darkness and oppression of Eastern Europe in the last two decades, and by comparison so much of our writing seems so frivolous, trivial, eccentric, neurotic, and self-indulgent, that melancholy meditations arise. Do wisdom, centrality, and great art come only through suffering, individual or collective? Must a person or a culture be deprived of a good such as liberty in order to be able to appreciate it? In the case of liberty, how can our culture foster the appreciation and responsible use of it, rather than the abuse and destruction of it? More than a decade ago, Jacques Barzun wrote that in Western culture today "the antinomial passion" (i.e., libertinism) "is the deepest drive of the age."

By contrast, the "deepest drive of the age" in Eastern Europe is often for liberty and dignity, as the Polish experience shows, exemplified by this fine diary by the distinguished Polish novelist Kazimierz Brandys, who went into exile shortly after completing it. Brandys joined the Communist Party at the end of World War II in revulsion against the homicidal immorality of Fascism, but finally left the Party in the mid-1960s, thoroughly disillusioned by what he calls its "moral ni-

hilism." Brandys's *pensées* do not have the isolated, heroic, existential, almost pentecostal brilliance and beauty of Andrei Sinyavsky's *A Voice from the Chorus* (1976); Poland is grey, not black, and offers some margin of liberty that persists even, one suspects, after the imposition of martial law in December of 1981. The world of Sinyavsky was the world of the Gulag; the world of Brandys was the world of censorship and harassment.

But what writers such as these have in common—and what one finds so very moving while traveling in Eastern Europe and talking with its dissenters—is their consciousness of, hope for, and loyalty to the dual legacy of

Western civilization: the canon of classic literature, from Plato and Vergil to T. S. Eliot and Solzhenitsyn, and the Judaeo-Christian tradition. These two elements mix with, reinforce, and balance each other in a continual and permanent dialogue; and this leaven of civilization lives in these Eastern Europeans and in their books.

Thus Brandys, who is not in any formal sense a believer, nevertheless writes frequently, profoundly, and urgently about religion. Speaking of two East German pastors who publicly immolated themselves in protest against government oppression, of a similar act committed in Prague in 1969 by the Czech Jan Palach, and of the hunger strikers of the Workers' Defense Committee (KOR) in a Warsaw church in 1977, Brandys argues that this is "the realm of religious experience . . . whose essence is the subordination of the changing time of events to the eternal time of values"; he goes on to say that no more "important question has ever been addressed to man" than the question of whether there is "any value that endures beyond events and is independent of their historical time." Another ex-Communist Polish intellectual now in exile, the philosopher Leszek Kolakowski, makes the same point when he writes that the "inspiration that pervades all forms of worship" is "a desire to escape the misery of contingency, to force the door to a kingdom which resists the voracity of time." Both men thus echo the remark of Harnack that "Religion is the power to escape from the power and service of the transitory"; a statement that in turn reminds us of Augustine and Plato. This is the living tissue, the apostolic succession, of Western civilization.

Yet Brandys is not a philosopher, but a novelist and literary observer, and his diary is filled also with commentary on the political, economic,



M. IAN

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and social life of Poland from 1978 to 1981, the period during which Solidarity emerged and which, he rightly says, "will remain inscribed in European history as a memorable struggle fought for a society's soul and its rights." Whatever happens, he tells a group of students, "no one can take that spiritual possession away from us."

The Pope's return to Poland in June 1979, which this reviewer too witnessed, was for the non-Catholic Brandys a vindication of Western civilization, an affirmation that the nation had "protected and preserved its own truth," that it was not only in communion with the deepest springs of the Christian and classical traditions, but that it had now produced one of their most eloquent spokesmen and personifications. However worried Brandys may be about "the mental and ethical erosion in people" under Communism, the Pope's trip, his life, his character, seem to Brandys to vindicate the depths of the moral tradition of the West and especially of Christian Poland, whose catastrophic history has a moral "beauty" unexcelled: "Probably no other country in the history of Europe has committed so few blameworthy acts against the world." For centuries, he writes, Poland "was a zone of law and of life" between "Germany's schizophrenic power and the deranged void that is Russia." This is not chauvinism, but the nation understood as "suffering servant" and exemplar of "mankind's noble ideas—Christianity, humanism, democracy, freedom, the human person, and faith." Though these virtues slay me, yet will I love them, says Polish history, in Brandys's view. "Nec temere, nec timide" (neither rashly nor fearfully), said a Solidarity banner I saw in Poland; and Brandys, marveling, describes demonstrations by "workers with crucifixes." Here the two streams, the classical and the Christian, join to form the river of life itself.

Brandys ends his diary on a somber note—as how could he not—describing his own exile, the advent of Jaruzelski, and the imposition of martial law. It is a valuable document about a state in which, as Zbigniew Brzezinski put it, "politics have been corrupted from the outside but society has nevertheless succeeded in protecting its fundamental values." The *res publica* is alive, in spite of the state; and however long and brutal the tyrant's shadow, the light behind and beyond it,

which delineates, identifies, and subordinates that shadow, is Christian humanist civilization, writ large and characteristically personified in the Slav Pope whom the poet Slowacki had foretold in 1849:

*Love he dispenses as great powers
today
Distribute arms:
With sacramental power—his sole
arroy—
The world he charms.* □

TUCHMAN AS WHIG

Charles Burton Marshall

The March of Folly, by Barbara Tuchman

Knopf, 447 pp., \$18.95

A READING of *The March of Folly* prompted me to look again into Herbert Butterfield's 1931 essay *The Whig Interpretation of History*. My recollections of it were confirmed. In several major characteristics, Barbara Tuchman corresponds to Butterfield's depiction of the breed: a bent for "dividing the world into the friends and enemies of progress"; an acceptance of Lord Acton's aphorism about the corruptiveness of power, along with the implicit corollary of powerlessness as redemptive; a proclivity for over-construing analogies between bygone epochs and the protean present; the "possession of a principle of exclusion" by which to facilitate omission of "the most troublesome elements" in the puzzles of cause and effect, and thus to clear a way "to heavy and masterly historical judgments"; and so on. Mrs. Tuchman takes the judgment of history to mean judgment by historians, and in the role of judge she tends to throw the book. Sometimes her severity moves me to venture a mitigating word for the accused.

The broad charge here is that the human race is guilty of gross failure to match in government its lofty accomplishments in science and the arts. The linked components of misgovernment Mrs. Tuchman identifies as oppressiveness, untethered cupidity, incapability (whether due to want of talent or of morale), and perversity or wooden-headedness (also defined as an "obstinate attachment to a disserviceable goal"). Mrs. Tuchman's specific indict-

ments concentrate on malefactions of the last sort: "the pursuit by governments of policies contrary to their own interests" or violative of "enlightened self-interest." In order to qualify for dishonorable mention, a mischievous policy must reflect deliberate institutional practice as distinguished from simple whim; must have been decided on in disregard of much advice offering a feasible alternative; and must have been persevered in at baleful length and with destructive consequences. Mrs. Tuchman cites three dozen or so instances of such magisterial obtuseness in diverse times and lands—presumably a mere fraction of the total. Four of these instances are then delineated in separate chapters making up the bulk of the text.

Her first case, drawn from sources more legendary than historical and presented as prototypical, concerns the Trojans' fatefully persistent reliance on a chivalrous sort of gullibility in trying to cope with devious Greek aggression in the twelfth century B.C. The second focuses on the Renaissance papacy's woeful abidance with arrogance and turpitude in the face of growing, and ultimately schismatic, protest. The third concerns the vain efforts on the part of successive Tory ministries, at once headstrong and insouciant, to coerce 13 of Britain's North American colonies into submitting to unaccustomed taxation and commercial regulation in the latter 1700s. The fourth, which is about the United States' debacle in Southeast Asia, is obviously the one that is most rankling to the author. The retelling of it is allotted two-fifths of the total wordage.

A different version of these tales might give less attention to Trojan credulity concerning the giant gift horse and more to the untenability of Troy's position astride the Strait—top-heavy as it was in the ratio of lucrative advantage to martial resources. Other writers trying to explain the sixteenth-century sundering of Western Christendom might have modified the emphasis (made explicit in the chapter heading "The Renaissance Popes Provoke the Protestant Secession") on Roman scandals in the reigns of Sixtus IV, Innocent VIII, Alexander VI, Leo X, and Clement VII, and have said more about such matters as the antitheses between Augustinian and Aquinian ways of thinking in epistemology and theology. And whatever the Declara-

RANDOM NOTES

□ LAST APRIL TITLES: Milan Kundera's latest novel is *The Unbearable Light of Being* (Harper & Row, \$15.95), about four people's lives following the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. As in Kundera's previous books (*The Joke*, *The Book of Laughter and Forgetting*), social and philosophical themes are prevalent. . . . *Love and Death in a Hot Country* (Viking, \$14.95), by Shiva Naipaul, concerns an English journalist sent to the Latin American republic of Cuyama to cover a plebiscite. In Cuyama he renews his acquaintance with a former schoolmate and his bitter and restless wife.

□ SOME MAY TITLES: *First Lady from Plains* (Houghton Mifflin, \$17.95), by Rosalynn Carter, is a memoir not only of the author's years in the White House, but of

tion of Independence says, ministerial cussedness in London scarcely accounts for the American Revolution. The tax rates were not onerous. Trying to get the colonists to share in paying for the Seven Years War was not unreasonable, for the war had removed the French menace overhanging them from Canada. Paradoxically, that alleviation of danger was precisely what decreased the colonists' dependency on the Crown—for the British, an experience of the penalty of success. As for the misadventure in Vietnam, the disserviceability of the goal seems patent in view of the outcome of events. However, I should wish to recast the indictment in important specifics too complex to argue here. A small matter: In view of his Senate speech of March 25, 1964, upbraiding LBJ for his reluctance to engage U.S. forces in hostilities in Vietnam—North as well as South—I should deny J. William Fulbright a place among the disregarded sages.

But it is Mrs. Tuchman's concept of history and its uses, rather than her bill of particulars, that invites especial challenge. She quotes Samuel Taylor Coleridge: "If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! . . . But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives us is a lantern on the stern which shines only on the waves behind us." She adds: "The image is beautiful but the message misleading, for the light on the waves we have

her life in the Georgia governor's mansion and, before that, the rural town of Plains. "I was much more political than Jimmy," she insists, "and was much more concerned about popularity and winning re-election."

In *La Place de la Concorde Suisse* (Farrar, \$12.95), John McPhee recounts time spent with the Swiss army, which hasn't fought a war in five hundred years and adheres to the Porcupine Principle: "You roll up into a ball and brandish your quills."

An American Procession: The Major American Writers from 1830 to 1930, the Crucial Century (Knopf, \$18.95), by Alfred Kazin, traces the victory of "history" over "God" and buoyancy over desperation in American letters.

The Polish Revolution: Solidarity (Scribner's, \$17.95), by Timothy Garton Ash, a journalist and Oxford historian, argues that, while 15 months after Solidarity went underground the Poles were worse off than ever, Walesa nevertheless had accomplished a "revolution of the soul." —CW

passed through should enable us to infer the nature of the waves ahead."

History properly marshaled and dispensed, then, is a guide to mastering the future. As Butterfield puts the matter,

It seems to be assumed that in history we can have something more than the private views of particular historians; that there are "verdicts of history" and that history itself, considered impersonally, has something to say to men. It seems to be accepted that each historian does something more than make a confession of his private mind and whimsicalities, and that all of them are trying to elicit a truth, and perhaps combining through their various imperfections to express a truth, which, if we could perfectly attain it, would be the voice of History itself.

History's instruction is seldom so conclusive. Better late than never is the lesson of one episode; better never than late, that of another. The milestone of one decade may become a kidney stone in the next. John Foster Dulles, applying a lesson from the nation's unintended involvement in war in Korea, laid the groundwork for unintended involvement in another war, in Vietnam. Butterfield's essay states the moral better than I ever could:

Perhaps all history books hold a danger for those who do not know a great deal of history already. . . . History is all things to all men. She is at the service of good causes and bad. In other words she is a harlot and a hireling, and . . . best serves those who suspect her most.

Therefore, we must beware even of saying "History says . . ." or "History proves . . .," as though she herself were the oracle; as though indeed history, once she had spoken, had put the matter beyond the range of mere human inquiry. Rather we must say to ourselves: "She will lie to us till the very end of the last cross-examination."

Mrs. Tuchman's idea that fallibility predominates in the determining of interests in general affairs is susceptible neither of proof nor of dismissal. If verified, the notion would only reflect Giambattista Vico's insight into the inherent shortcomings of human nature for eliminating problems inherent in shortcomings of human nature. Those shortcomings do crop up in general affairs. Mrs. Tuchman's treatise in political pathology may be strong medicine for a cynic, wont to discount distinctions between right and wrong as merely conventional, but its counsel about the wrongness of persisting in wrong is of little help to the sort of skeptic who acknowledges a genuine difference between right and wrong but also understands that in practice that difference is often subtle. Her scheme of history has scant patience with issues involving a choice between a bad course and a worse alternative, or among courses with imponderable entailments and consequences. One wonders what advice she would have given Abraham Lincoln in the pinch of having either to try to relieve Fort Sumter or to write it off. □

THE AD HOC PHILOSOPHER

Joseph Sobran

Loyalties, by Daniel Patrick Moynihan
Harcourt Brace, 96 pp., \$9.95

THIS BEING election year, politicians are coming forth with books. *Loyalties*, by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, is 96 short pages long, which ought to be held up as an example to other politicians.

The title puzzles me. The book consists of three short essays, one on nuclear strategy, one on Israel, one on international law. Senator Moynihan explains that the title refers to loyalty to principles and allies, but that seems to me to be stretching a point.

Besides—let me say it up front—Senator Moynihan is inviting easy ridicule. New York's Irish and Catholic voters tend to regard him as short on loyalty to them and their principles. He seems to be campaigning full time for the Jewish vote, supporting Israel with bombastic vigor at every turn. When he justifies his position on nuclear weapons in terms of "loyalty to life," invoking the Catholic bishops' statement for the nonce, one thinks grimly of his stand on abortion. He is not the only New York politician who knows which side his bagel is buttered on, but to dress obvious ploys in the garb of principle is to rouse and bait the sense of irony.

The more so because Moynihan is a brilliant man who has a keen sense of irony himself. He makes fine distinctions and exquisite witticisms when it suits him to do so. As Samuel Johnson said of Rousseau, a man who talks nonsense so well must *know* he is talking nonsense. His very gifts are a menace to his ambitions: We pay little mind to the boilerplate of the sort of politician who dwells in partisan swamps and swings his brain in his tail, but Moynihan, by his elegant manner, solicits a different quality of attention. He asks to be judged by a higher standard. The danger is that he will be.

There are excellent things in this book. Moynihan argues powerfully and to my mind persuasively against the MX missile; he reasons specifically, and with no illusions about the Soviets or bromides about peace and the danger of nuclear holocaust. In fact he contends that the MX, being the kind of weapon it is, will give the Soviet rulers, being the kind of men they are, incentive to launch a first strike.

This skillful rhetorician is at his best when he analyzes the anti-Israeli and anti-American rhetoric that has become the common coin of the United Nations (and of American intellectuals). The Carter Administration and its UN representatives, Andrew Young and Donald McHenry, either were unable to counter this rhetoric or simply agreed with it. We have been crippled by what Moynihan has elsewhere called "semantic infiltration"; we have accepted the premises of our enemies without debate. American capitulation to the Soviet-driven currents of power has been characterized as joining "the side of history" and "the side of

change." And Jimmy Carter congratulated us on having overcome our "inordinate fear of Communism."

Discussing the "obscene" UN resolution calling Zionism a form of racism, Moynihan notes that the very word "racist" (which doesn't appear in the 1933 OED) appears to be of Soviet provenance. This is one hell of a point: The Soviets used the word during the Thirties as a label for ethnic blocs that refused to assimilate to socialism, to subordinate cultural to political identity. That is pretty much how liberals use this all-purpose smear word today. Its function is to label and disgrace recusants, by implying that anyone who resists the most fanatical schemes of racial integration is no different in principle from those who would exterminate whole races.

So yes, Zionism is "racist"—in the Left's sense of the term. Instead of rejecting the label as "obscene," we should identify and condemn the whole implicit structure of assumptions the word expresses. But for Moynihan this might mean leaving the Democratic Party, which sponsors policies that posit a standing presumption of racism against America as a whole.

The book's third and last essay is

a cogent and stimulating reflection on international law. Moynihan thinks America has become too cynical about the whole idea, and he regrets that we have ceased regarding it as being in our own interest to promote law among nations. Otherwise, he says, we might have taken better care of ourselves when the Soviets violated their Helsinki pledges and when Iranian nuts seized our embassy.

But this chapter concludes by deprecating the American invasion of Grenada. And one notices a melancholy pattern in the book, as in Moynihan's career. He has a knack of dedicating himself to those principles that will do him the most good. His vague principle of "loyalty to life" enables him to align himself with his own party's disarmament crowd on the MX, but doesn't require him to break away on abortion. His chapter on Zionism and racism brings him to a position where he can identify the interests of the U.S. and Israel the way Charles Wilson once identified those of the U.S. and GM, and there he stops. His chapter on international law turns out to justify his joining his party's Left—it has no Right—on Grenada. This is a philosopher who lands on his feet.

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AIRBORNE

A Sentimental Journey

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Anyone can pick a few convenient principles off the rack: There are so many to choose from. Putting three of them together arbitrarily in a package, though, doesn't take one very far down the road toward a political philosophy. And I groan when I put down the book and remember that this superb detective of "semantic infiltration" will soon be in front of the cameras bawling out partisan gibberish that might as easily come from Tip O'Neill.

When a man talks about "principles," we naturally expect to find a principle behind the principles. For the Democratic Party as a whole the only principle left is one it doesn't want to avow: socialism. This leads Democratic politicians to scramble for ad hoc justifications of policies that always fit the same pattern. They then pretend there is no discernible pattern there (identifying the pattern is called "McCarthyism").

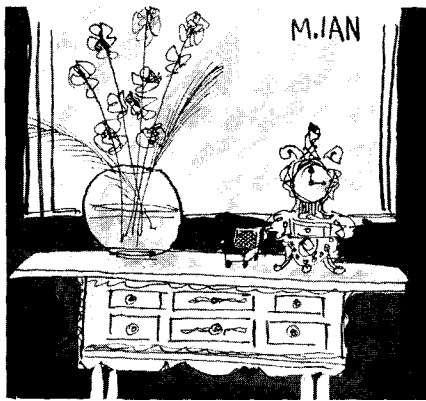
And worse, they refuse to discuss the premises they habitually act on, like the notion that the state has an unlimited claim on the nation's wealth. Phrases like "social justice" also represent semantic infiltration. It would be fascinating to see Senator Moynihan analyze his party's rhetoric; but alas, he has his own uses for it. Moynihan thinks so well—if only he wouldn't stop. He is by no means the worst of our politicians; just the most disappointing. □

LAST OF A KIND

Nicholas King

No Man's Land: The Last of White Africa, by John Heminway
Dutton, 298 pp., \$19.95

IN THE nineteenth century, and for much of the twentieth, the white man could claim he owned Africa. But though he imposed his government and, in many places, his beliefs and customs upon it, Africa was never in his possession. Nor would it, nor could it, possess him. Some men, however, loved Africa, not for the gain or the power it gave them, but for its unfathomable soul. They loved it for its beauty, for its people, and especially for its extraordinary animal life, the game that has fascinated Europeans and Americans for more than a hundred years.



This excellent book tells the stories of some of these men, the last of their kind, who have given themselves to Africa, though they knew all along they could never put down genuine roots or be anything but alien to the native Africans. Nor could they successfully weather the rise of the new African nations. They hailed Africa; and almost at once began a long farewell to it. That is why Africa is for them a no-man's-land, a forbidden territory almost from the start.

John Heminway, who has traveled throughout the continent and has made a number of wildlife films there, registers every nuance of an experience that is both joyous and haunted. He is an American who knows sub-Saharan Africa well. He has encountered a number of these castaways—shipwrecked sailors, he calls them—and describes them with insight and sympathy, and with exemplary detachment too. His white hunters occasionally recall those creations of his near-namesake, but not too closely for comfort. Heminway is not one of them, but he is as skilled as they are in the lore of the bush and the jungle. He has an instinctive feeling for the majesty of the animals he meets and sometimes shoots, and there is enough practical information here to make the book highly useful for the tenderfoot setting out on his first safari.

There are a number of memorable portraits, which provide the framework of narratives: Paul Ssali, the African warrior turned game protector in Uganda; Alan Root, the wildlife filmmaker who wanted his body left out on the savannah for the vultures and hyenas in repayment of old debts; above all, the royal bastard Latham Leslie-Moore, an ancient English colonial, so eccentric and idiosyncratic as to be triumphantly sane. But apart from Latham, who was his own *raison d'être*, the

characters in the book are more like stage hands, necessary for the setting of the scene, there primarily to draw the curtain back. The real focus is the fauna of the African landscape, and the landscape itself.

Here the evolution of the white man's attitude is most apparent. A hundred years ago, explorers saw themselves challenged by the appalling conditions of the wilderness they set out to conquer, where every form of life, man or beast, was an imminent danger. Today, as Heminway's style and manner show, the African animal is regarded with tender awe, or at least with an understanding tinged with the melancholy apprehension of its eventual fate. The old-fashioned explorer referred to the magnificent elephants and rhinos and giraffes and lions generically as "brutes" and massacred them with huge goose guns handed to him in relays by his bearers until nothing kicked or moved any longer. Today, the white hunter is likely to kill with reluctance, and then only because some rich thrill-seeker—usually American, of course—has hired him to do it. Heminway's account of such an expedition to the southern Sudan provides a marvelous illustration of this; so does his story of gorilla-watching in Uganda and the Congo, although here human beings play a different, if not less ironic, role.

The cheerful modesty with which Heminway conceives his pictures and sets down his words is not the least of the book's rewards. Here is a man who deserves to be trusted for both his companionship and his integrity. May Africa continue to trust him. □

FILM

DISHONESTY RECOMPENSED

John Simon

SPLASH is an absolutely idiotic film that has garnered considerable critical and vast popular acclaim. Yet it is a mere steal from and vulgarization of Andersen's immortal "The Little Mermaid," a tragic tale of heartbreaking loveliness. If you haven't read that one lately, do so, and forget this stupid movie.

As a small boy, Allen Bauer takes a boat trip off Cape Cod with his parents and callow brother, Freddie, who is only interested in looking up women's skirts. Allen looks down into the water, sees something beautiful there, and jumps in, but is promptly pulled out. Gazing after the receding boat is the frustrated, sad child mermaid who almost clasped him to her bosom. Years later, Allen runs the family wholesale-produce business in New York City while Freddie has turned into a fat, wisecracking, lazy playboy. By a series of desperate plot contrivances, Allen ends up almost drowning off Cape Cod again, where a crazy young scientist, Kornbluth, is now tracking a mermaid. Who should rescue Allen but the mermaid from his childhood, whom, in most unchivalrous fashion, he has completely forgotten. But he is greatly aroused by his rescuer, blonde and nude (though her nakedness is pretty efficiently bowdlerized by long tresses and sometimes even a body stocking—the film, after all, was released by the Disney people), who kisses him passionately and then, for no good reason, leaves him there on the beach as she carries off his wallet to her submarine habitat, which looks like an only slightly waterlogged Swiss chalet.

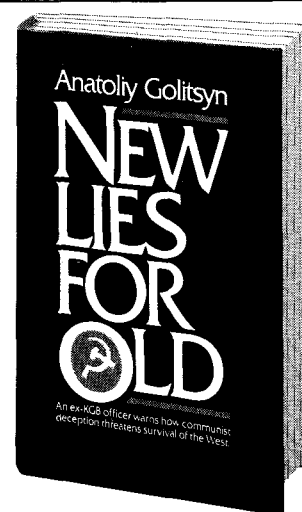
Disconsolate, Allen returns to New York, but the mermaid, with the help of his credit cards and a handy underwater atlas, figures out where he lives and how to follow him thither. Soon she emerges naked at the Battery, is hauled in by the police, and finally handed over to an overjoyed Allen, who has come to claim her. They make near-endless love in his apartment—oh, I forgot to tell you that on land the mermaid's tail conveniently turns into legs. While he goes reluctantly to work the mermaid sneaks off to Bloomingdale's, where she acquires not only a complete wardrobe but also a perfect knowledge of English from watching TV in the store's television department. Now, even if you have believed everything up to now—e.g., that a mermaid who knows no English can read maps and credit cards in that language—you will surely agree that no one can learn anything resembling English from television. When Allen, who has come to collect her, inquires of this foreigner (as he persists in perceiving her) what she is called, she lets out an ungodly whale or dolphin yodel—her name—that smashes every

TV screen in the store. Yet Allen does not have to pay for any of it. It's the audience who pays.

It seems that Madison, as she calls herself after the avenue along which she and Allen happen to saunter (good thing it wasn't Of the Americas), has only seven days to spend on land—a feeble echo from Andersen that makes no sense in this context and is never explained. When, during that week, she wants to exercise her tail, she locks herself into the bathroom and pours Morton's salt into the tub, but Allen, the imbecile, never catches on. When Kornbluth wants to unmask her true being, salt water is not required to do the trick—mere dousing with the spray from a hydrant produces a tail thrashing on the sidewalk. How many grains of Morton's are we to take this with? And can we believe that the Museum of Natural History harbors a laboratory full of evil scientists who, protected by the U.S. Army, are all set to cut up the poor mermaid for the benefit of science and the advancement of the inane plot?

Sad to say, the moment Allen saw that tail, he backed away from Madison in horror. Is this a romantic lover? Does he deserve such pure piscine passion if he becomes finicky at a little finny business? Especially since the tail is ingeniously so designed as to look exactly like two feminine legs temporarily encased in a piece of easily removable goldfish-colored rubber. And can we accept the sudden conversion to selflessness of both the irresponsible Freddie and the maniacal Kornbluth, not to mention the renewed love of the apostate Allen, whom those two now help toward a happy ending? Is a fairy tale possible at all in the film's realistic settings? Can we accept an ending according to which Allen can live underwater as long as he cleaves to Madison? Even Baron de la Motte-Fouqué, the Romantic author of *Undine* (1811), did not dare envision a human being's following a water sprite to her element. Even E.T. could not take his human friends home with him. (There is quite a lot of *E.T.* in the last part of *Splash*.) A little bit of credibility is mandatory even for a fairy tale, but this film is not so much a fairy tale as a large, sophomoric wet dream.

Yes, we do get a few funny lines and some mildly amusing situations, mostly thanks to John Candy, the cor-



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pulent comic who makes Freddie an amiable hot-air balloon, and Eugene Levy, who turns Kornbluth into a wire-haired Groucho Marx. Tom Hanks, a consummate yokel, is too gawky and goony for a hero. As for Daryl Hannah, should a mermaid have minimal acting ability; be raw-boned, lantern-jawed, and knock-kneed when she sheds her tangerine tail (phallic or merely garish?); and look, in fact, like Matt Dillon in drag? Even her hair (wig?) looks rather coarse and stringy, but that's what you get for shampooing it with brine instead of Breck. Ron Howard, the former child actor, has directed in true TV fashion, abetted by flashy photography in and out of water. But the main problem is the writing.

Based on a story by the film's producer, Brian Grazer, and a treatment by Bruce Jay Friedman, the screenplay is by Friedman and Lowell Ganz and Babaloo (!) Mandel, the latter two appearing in doltish cameo roles. The greatest ingenuity went, it would seem, into ways of shielding the more interesting parts of the ostensibly nude Miss Hannah from our eyes, and the film from an R rating. Ah well, as Eliot might have written: *This is the way the whirl ends / Not with a splash but a splatter.*

DISHONESTY OF a different variety drenches *Entre Nous*, the third movie by Diane Kurys, another actor (this time French) turned filmmaker. It is the purportedly true story of how Michel, though a Jew, having, as a former Foreign Legionnaire, certain privileges in Occupied France, is able to rescue Lena from an internment camp feeding Jews into Nazi death camps by marrying her. After the war, he has become a successful garage owner in Lyons and loves Lena and their two little girls; but Lena does not reciprocate. At a school play, Lena meets Madeleine, who lost her beloved first husband in a wartime shootout and is now lovelessly married to Costa, an unsuccessful actor and bumbling black-marketeer. A queer sort of affection springs up between the women, who, after many obstacles, finally manage to live together. The loving but uncultivated Michel, hurt and furious, loses his wife and children as Madeleine (recovered from a nervous breakdown over separation from Lena) and Lena (who cannot forgive Michel's smash-

ing her fashion boutique in Lyons in a jealous rage over Madeleine) settle down in Paris to run another boutique. In the end, revelation! A title card tells us that Michel and Lena were Miss Kurys's beloved parents and that the film, long in the planning, had to wait for the real-life Madeleine to die.

It is all quite insufferable. All the men are washouts of one kind or another—even Madeleine's little boy is a ludicrous sissy—except for Madeleine's first husband, who perished too soon after the wedding to have time to display his masculine inferiority. Lena and Madeleine, however, are both sensitive and superior women, as is proved by their contempt for their husbands and their not doing much around the house; Madeleine, in fact, does nothing during the hard postwar years except make amateur sculpture and wear expensive clothes. But the women are excused and cheered on every step of the way, even when, like Lena, they temporarily lose a five-year-old daughter out of sheer negligence. The men, however, are always guilty, even when, like Michel, they play lovingly with their children—but too crudely for Lena's, and presumably Miss Kurys's, refined taste.

The giveaway is a quickie Lena has with a soldier on a train while she is full of loving thoughts of Madeleine. The soldier is not allowed to go all the way, but she has her very first orgasm ever. It doesn't take a Freud to figure out that the sexual encounter is really with the image of Madeleine, and that, by not letting him have his full enjoyment, Lena is both punishing the man and proclaiming his unimportance: *That* kind of stimulation can be had from a woman. Which brings us to the 64,000-old- or 6,400-new-franc

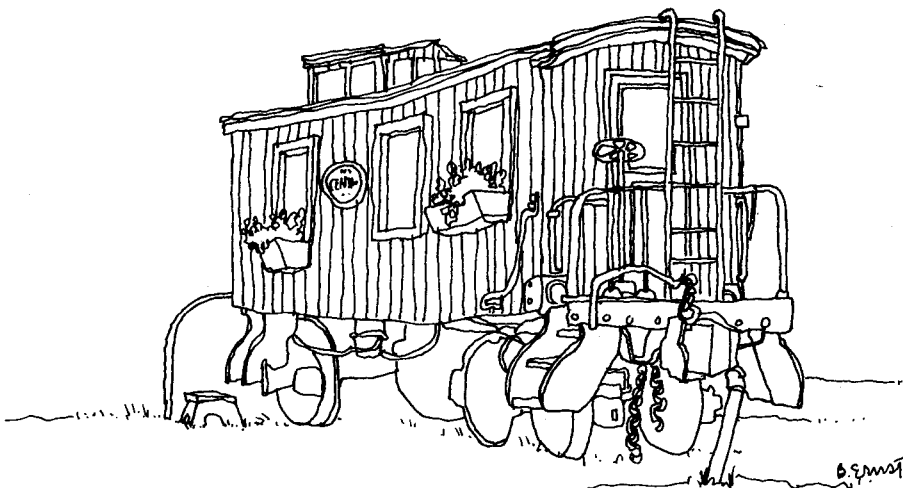
question: Was the Lena-Madeleine relationship platonic or physical? Miss Kurys and a lot of reviewers have asserted its purity, but then why did *Entre Nous* have to await Madeleine's death to be made, why was its French title *Coup de foudre* (Love at First Sight), why did the women end up living with each other, and what else, given their lack of any interesting features, could have drawn them together? A typical teasing scene has them in bed and inching toward each other, and then—cut! Not that it matters much either way, but radical lesbian feminism and sanctimonious hypocrisy certainly make unattractive bedfellows. Pauline Kael has rightly called this “spiritual lesbianism . . . a movie about sexual politics without sex.” Also without honesty and intelligence. But with great critical and popular success. □

SOUND ON DISC

OPERA: MOZART AND VERDI

Ralph de Toledano

I HAVE BEEN listening to a recording of Mozart's Piano Concerto in E Flat (K. 482), which, by coincidence, was sent to me from Italy by Jon Carter, a devoted enthusiast of soloist and conductor Paul Badura-Skoda, just as I was preparing to review a new *Così Fan Tutte*. I say “by coincidence” because Badura-Skoda's finely wrought rendition of Mozart's most famous concerto underscores what the critic Edward Dent wrote some five decades ago—that the concerto form

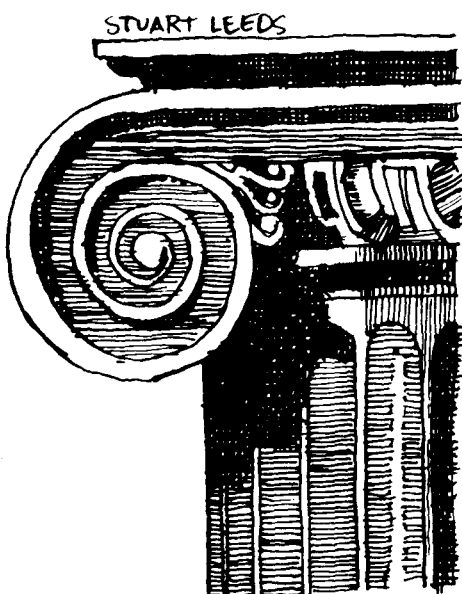


was a "deliberate adaptation of the grand operatic aria," with voice against ensemble becoming instrument against orchestra.

Mozart's greatest and most personal musical utterances were in opera and the concerto. But it is significant and interesting that Mozart, having drawn his orchestral voice from opera, returned the compliment by injecting into his operatic works the devices of symphonic expression. On his stage, each scene is developed with the logic of the symphonist, heightening the dramatic and musical impact. His finales are completely orchestral, the joined voices used as instruments with little thought to the words that are being sung. To this, of course, Mozart added his exquisite sense of melody, of the melodic line, which reached its apotheosis in the "Et incarnatus est," the heart-piercing arioso of the *Great Mass in C Minor*.

The success of this marriage of the vocal and the orchestral rings out especially in that superlative trio—*Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Così Fan Tutte*. Here Mozart was blessed by the felicities of Lorenzo da Ponte, a librettist of deep dramatic and comic sensibility, who gave these works much of their psychological bite, and Mozart the structure on which to display his operatic genius. Oddly, *Così*, the most "symphonic" of the three, though it has its share of great lyrical moments, was relegated to the dustbin for some one hundred years. Perhaps its satiric jab at the inconstancy of woman and its corollary suggestion that fidelity may be a tiresome virtue had something to do with this, at least during the Victorian age.

Autres temps, autres mœurs. Now solidly back in the operatic repertory, *Così Fan Tutte* has received a number of fine recordings, with those of Georg Solti and Colin Davis pre-eminent. Now Angel-EMI has released its own version of the opera, with Riccardo Muti conducting the Vienna Philharmonic and the Vienna State Opera Chorus (DSCX 3940). The soloists are not the greatest, but their voices are well balanced—a matter of prime importance in an opera like *Così*, which relies so much on ensemble singing. I would say that this Angel recording is *primus inter pares*, and the credit goes to Muti. The conductor plays a greater role in *Così* than in, say, *Don Giovanni*, and Muti's conducting is crisp,



eloquent, excellently paced, and never allows the sometimes overlong recitatives to drag. Under Muti, the opera dances, which is what Mozart would have wanted.

Muti can leap with ease from symphony to opera and from Mozart to Verdi—and I have commented in this space on the excellence of his rendition of Mozart's violin concerti Nos. 2 and 4, with Anne-Sophie Mutter, and of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*. He is one of the best all-purpose conductors today—a musician who gets *into* the score instead of sitting on top of it. (Toscanini would sometimes make Mozart sound like a singing commercial.) Recently, Muti gave us a restrained and lilting *La Traviata* (Angel-EMI DSCX 3920)—a Verdi opera that was once dismissed by the "critics" as a showcase of barrel-organ tunes. How little those critics understood the depth of Verdi's craftsmanship, his rich and sensitive orchestration, and his unfailing sense of harmony!

Verdi developed steadily, from the raw peasant strength of his early operas to the rich profundities of *Otello*. As his letters show, he took his music seriously and worked at it with total creative commitment. It was fashionable once to denigrate him as a "commercial composer" and, until George Bernard Shaw put the myth to death, to say that he was influenced in his later years by Wagner and his harumphing Rhine maidens. If Verdi took anything from anyone, it was only to reclaim from Vienna what Vienna had taken from Italy. His libretti, until he began working with the poet Boito, were bravura and demanded a suspen-

sion of disbelief. But his operas were drama and they were music, which is what opera must be.

In his lifetime, Verdi stormed at conductors and singers who thought that score and libretto were secondary to their temperamental twitches and to the power of their tonsils. Riccardo Muti's recording of *Ernani* (Angel-EMI DSCX 3942), live with the orchestra and chorus at La Scala, is a lesson in conducting Verdi. He brings to his direction a combination of permissiveness and control, a realization that in performing Verdi a razor's edge separates freedom and license. This recording offers as fine and as satisfying a performance of *Ernani* as I have ever heard—and Plácido Domingo, who sings *Ernani*, does full justice to the part.

Mozart and Verdi knew that if comedy is to ring true, it must include pathos—that if tragedy is to touch us, it must occasionally laugh. This was the additive to genius that makes their operas so great, and gives them that penetration into the human spirit that most other operas lack. □

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DELECTATIONS

O SOGNI DOLCI

Nika Hazelton

RECENTLY, I was asked by a friend what foods, drinks, and meals have made a lasting impression on me. As I pondered the question, odd things came to the surface of the food memory—such as the super-super-superlative brownies and cheese-filled manicotti made by my friend and neighbor Marilyn Buckland, crown jewels of their

kind; I never thought either brownies or manicotti could be sheer bliss. To the mind also comes a dish of eggplant with other vegetables, eaten at the Jockey in Madrid, everything tender yet firm, and with a texture I'd never known before in a savory eggplant pudding.

I remember also an utterly different and exquisite duck-with-orange dish invented by the very great chef Seppi Renggli for the 1983 Barrel Tasting at the Four Seasons restaurant. The Barrel Tasting is an annual event at which a number of California vintners each show a wine in two versions, as a baby in the barrel and as a mature

adult, from an earlier vintage, in the bottle; this to enable the *haute volée* of the wine world to see how a particular wine will develop. For the 1983 Barrel Tasting Chef Renggli filled a scooped-out orange with small pieces of skinned roasted duck and a little of its sauce; some of the skin of the roasted duck lay on the side of the plate deliciously refried in butter, with not a speck of grease in flavor or texture. This was truly a marriage made in heaven.

And in the way of desserts, I've never forgotten one made of tapioca cooked in a fine dry red wine with sugar and spices, and served chilled

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IT IS A year ago this month that President Reagan made a speech proposing the defense of the United States against Soviet missiles—a speech Teddy Kennedy called “reckless,” and Anthony Lewis a “dangerous fantasy,” and for which James Reston dubbed Reagan the “April Fool.” Trouble was, the President had expressed the apocalyptic opinion that the way to defend yourself against enemy missiles carrying nuclear warheads is to deploy missiles of your own to shoot them down. Unfortunately for the President, and equally unfortunately for 230 million other Americans, U.S. policy has been for the past 12 years—ever since the ABM treaty of 1972—one of maintaining the country undefended against a threat of nuclear attack, on the presumption that preparedness invites just such a threat.

Unfortunately again, it takes, as Robert Jastrow says in *How to Make Nuclear Weapons Obsolete* (Orwell Press, The Committee for the Free World, 211 East 51st Street, New York, N.Y. 10022; \$1), “a person with an idealized view of the world to think up something like the ABM treaty,” the chief result of which, in the dozen ensuing years, has been to weaken the land and air legs of the American defense triad, leaving only the sea leg—composed of the Trident submarines—relatively intact strategically. “The essence of the matter,” Jastrow writes,

is that American submarines are an effective deterrent to a Soviet attack on our cities, but are not a deterrent to an attack on U.S. armed forces. It is a sober-

ing fact that if the USSR should launch a massive strike against our military installations, we could do little about it, short of a suicidal strike against Soviet cities . . .

One way to deal with the tremendous increase of the Soviets' ICBM force would be of course to match it, thus creating a nuclear stand-off. That is not what Reagan suggested, although from the yells that greeted his speech one might have thought he had proposed just that.

Critics of President Reagan's plan spoke as if he were proposing a defense of entire cities and their populations, but he made no suggestion of that kind in his speech; and, in fact, such an “area defense,” while very comforting, would not be necessary at the start. For the protection of our Minuteman missiles, it is only necessary to establish a “point” defense—i.e., a defense of the few square acres surrounding each missile silo, and the small areas surrounding a limited number of communications, command posts, and other military installations. The means for such a point defense of critical military sites are in hand today. The basic technologies have been proven, they are inexpensive, and they can be put into use with relative rapidity.

The technology in question combines a high degree of sophistication with a mechanical resource that has been the property of garden-variety thugs for ages: a nail-bomb, guided by a miniature computer and with a rocket engine affixed, which, exploding in the vicinity of an incoming ICBM, would puncture its skin and defuse the highly

complex trigger mechanism of the warhead, permitting thereby the escape of the American missile from its silo and its 12,000-mile-per-hour flight toward hardened targets in the Soviet Union. Important features of this technology have already been built into the Pershing II missile, which explains the bellicose Soviet opposition to its emplacement in Europe.

SO MUCH for a point defense; what about an area one? Here too, Jastrow argues, the technology, while vastly more expensive, exists: It is called the laser beam; and while it is not yet a proven technology, and would require the accuracy sufficient to hit a dime at a hundred miles, it is not visionary, and it has the power to protect American cities from nuclear destruction. True, scientists are claiming it cannot be done; but then Vannevar Bush thought after World War II that we could leave intercontinental missiles equipped with atom bombs “out of our thinking.”

The fact is, as Jastrow says, that nuclear war is messy and inexact, producing hazards for the aggressor and the victor as well as for the victim and the vanquished: When missile technology reaches the stage where Washington can drop a charge of TNT onto “the critical transformer of the Moscow power grid,” nuclear payloads will not be used. After forty years of the atomic age the idea that doomsday can be superseded will doubtless come as a shock to a couple of generations of doomsayers, but a fact is a fact. □

with heavy cream. I had this wonderful *glissando* creation in Brazil, and then as now, when I make it, even tapioca-haters agree that it combines the best of nursery food with the potatoes of big people. Maria do Carmo Texeira made this wonderful invention some thirty years ago.

The two spirits that made a lasting impression on me were both taken in France; the first, at the famous, many-starred restaurant run by the Haeberlin brothers in Illhaeusern, in Alsace, was a white firewater made from wild, and I stress *wild*, raspberries as an exclusive for the place. The meal was surely great, but the after-dinner drink was unique in its fragrance, smoothness, and flavor, the finest of nature's bounties condensed in a small liqueur glass. The other unforgettable spirit was a mid-nineteenth-century cognac at Château Mouton Rothschild in Bordeaux, which I was visiting in the course of business. I had been given a fine lunch in the pretty, flowery guest dining room, and the wine was also fine, as it would be. But for the first and last time in my life, I believed that cognac was the best spirit invented by mankind.

Remembering an entire meal is a different affair, as other elements besides the food and drink help to form our opinion of the edibles and potables. I've had beautifully composed meals when I was out of tune with life, and they consequently made no impression on me (although even if one views life as the loveliest of waltzes, a bad meal is a bad meal in the memory's food department). Thus I must talk about the meals that I have enjoyed the most. The latest could not have been simpler, and I prepared it myself. It consisted of a perfectly baked Idaho potato and a cup of excellent plain yogurt; no salt, no sauces—just potato and yogurt. One of my favorite meals of all time was prepared for me by the late Larry White, the architect, and a man of wonderful kindness. (I used to live on his estate on Long Island and it was like living in Arcadia, but that is another story.) Larry gave me fresh *foie gras*, cooked in butter, with wild mushrooms, a salad of Belgian endive and watercress dressed with walnut oil, and a strawberry tart. Nice, eh? Then there was the dinner cooked by the wife of the custodian of our former house in a small Tuscan village. She gave us a perfect *risotto* with chick-

en livers (prepared with saffron, of course), a chicken roasted with lots of fresh rosemary, and a salad of baby *radicchio*, as different from the giant New York *radicchio* as a young woman is from an old one. We finished with fresh white peaches bathed in white wine, followed by a wicked black espresso. The wine was made by her husband: red, strong, and very pure, as he said pouring it.

What does all of this prove? Nothing, I think, except that there is something to life besides death and taxes, even in the month of April. □

THE GIMLET EYE

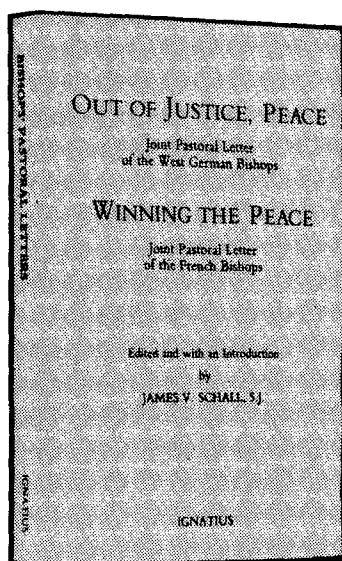
LEARNING TO FLIRT

D. Keith Mano

SO HERE I am stuck grokking this guy who looks like the last Vietnam body count. And, believe me, Elmer Fudd can't stand too close a grok. (To grok—in consciousness-ese—means to stare at, examine.) Skin the color of yak cheese. At least 55 or 57 in age

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and 250 toneless pounds. With a toupee set on his scalp as if it had been thrown up by frost heave. Eyes that remind me of dead, stained parameria. Just my good fortune (and his) that we've drawn each other in a seminar on How to Flirt. Other men are all agrok over young, even attractive women. Five temperature-taking minutes: a long time to pat anyone down with your vision in silence. Elmer, impatient, will ask our flirt leader, Caren Flashner, "You mean, I've gotta stare like this at a woman for five minutes before I move in? She's gonna scream, I know it."

"No, no—this is just a grokking exercise. You should learn to notice things about other people." Caren is smiling so athletically, I'm afraid she might pull a cheek. Her credentials for this \$35 two-session course (ten in attendance) are . . . oh, what would the opposite of impeccable be? Peccable, I guess. She has written for *Popular Astrology* and *Photoplay*, and she is also a state-certified dolt. Caren lost me earlier tonight when she came up with the following time-release capsule of pure beetleheadedness: "Don't worry about rejection. The interesting thing to know is that attraction is *always* mutual. Even if a person rejects you they're still attracted to you. But they had some kind of problem that wouldn't let them relate. It has nothing to do with you."

"Ahem," I say, "you have documentation for that, I suppose?"

"Oh, it's well known, well known."

At that juncture I pass a ball-point pen through my left ear and out my right. Amanda, Sheila, Liz, Ingrid, Margaret, Sandra, all that time you really cared.

An hour ago CF made us relax. Relaxation, y'know, passes for insight and substance in the consciousness format. "Okay, now. Is your forehead tense?" Oh no, I think, not me, not this chicken, not down through each gurgling organ and secretive, secretive gland. I've been relaxed forcibly by Rolfers, rebirthers, hypnotists, psychodramaturges—I WILL NOT BE RELAXED AGAIN. While folk around me slump, jaw slack and tongue lolling, until they resemble pond life or the village idiot, I go over CF's other memoranda on flirting. Eye contact: eye contact is smoke-dried nonsense—we don't, in normal use, see eye to eye. We watch mouths, where the real communication

can be located. Staring is impolite. "Be happy—happy people are attractive." (A star-shell of advice: why not be Michael Jackson instead—more attractive and probably easier to pull off.) And, "You can either be a fascinating conversationalist, which is a lot of work. Or you can draw the other person out." While I sit among my cold-packed friends, I have this rather nerve-deafening vision: a worldful of dull people, each one ready to draw the other out. Dullest, naturally, will get drawn out first.

"Now I want you to embrace your partner for five minutes." I look at Elmer. Never mind gonzo journalism: Hunter Thompson didn't have to face this. But Elmer, bless him, out-rejects me. "I'm not embracing him. I came here to flirt with women." There is, in fact, a general mutiny. Two old women—afraid they might break each other's hips, I suppose—say, No way, Roget, as well. The kiss of peace, after all, did more than Islam and Martin Luther to jeopardize Catholicism.

I try candor. (That's one fine feature of consciousness sessions: you can tell the most awful truth and they consider it *sharing*, not insulting.) "We've overlooked an important area here. Fact is, everyone but two in this room has either an unpleasant accent, a high-pitched and nasal voice, or a speech impediment. We court vocally these days. What will all this eye contact or grokking afford—when you're selling insurance or making a date over the phone?"

CF is interested: "Yes, I didn't think of that." And my classmates don't protest. A calming, well-dictioned, melodious voice—Reagan v. Carter—is what will echo in the social diaphragm most. More than appearance or even wit (sonorousness can make stupidity sound circumspect). And a British accent is often downright aphrodisiac.

But voice answers the inner helm: it is symptomatic, not essential. If, in the human auction, these good people were bid down, well, that has to do with grace, not tics of coquetry. Grace won't stare you down: nor does it need a relaxed forehead. (Flirting, look that word up, is unserious, even contemptible, interaction.) The graceful are, if not serious, deeply genial. Social grace is spacious: it dilates around another. Not a drawing-out of people, a drawing-in rather. Grace—voice, manner, assurance, easiness, animation

—can't be imparted except by long familiarity. And the graceful know each other. They should, they tend to leave a party together.

But, lisp and cicada voice quite aside, my friends here have been penalized by social speed: this mobile, urban, telephoning land doesn't allow people time enough to grow on anyone. If you were brought up in Hickville, Kansas, around 1910 with a harelip and scoliosis, folk might still, after the constant repetition of you, learn to appreciate other qualities. We weren't so *individual* then. We had a context: landscape, kin, local culture, traditional commerce, dowry. I discover, somewhat to my astonishment, that Elmer worked on the hydrogen bomb from 1950 through 1959. Yet his outward affects are so unsettling, everyone present would rather read an old dental chart than converse with him. First impression is too often last impression now: in a bar, during the job interview, on streets, we audition each other: we don't meet. It is a terrible, unfair, un-Christian judgment. And the one time when law moves swiftly in this nation. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Eisenhower, by Stephen E. Ambrose (Simon & Schuster, 637 pp., \$22.95)

SHORTLY AFTER World War II, a Washington economist, who was watching General Eisenhower mesmerize a crowd, turned to his wife and said: "This man is absolutely a natural for the Presidency." Dwight David Eisenhower was a natural in many respects, which is the recurring theme of this first volume of Stephen Ambrose's splendid biography, which concludes with Eisenhower's election in 1952. From a Kansas boyhood that taught him the value of perseverance and teamwork, to the battlefields of North Africa and Europe, Ike was the consummate leader. Montgomery was more imperious, Patton more flamboyant. But when the chips were down, it was Eisenhower whom Churchill and Roosevelt called on to coordinate the Allied victory in Europe. And he responded with the steely determination that had characterized his difficult climb from obscurity as a staff officer (he was a

major for 16 years) to the Supreme Allied Command. He wasn't infallible, and Ambrose scores his several strategic failings—particularly his patience with Montgomery, who not only failed to secure Antwerp but squandered men and matériel in the disastrous Market Garden operation. Too, the author is appalled that Ike refused to beat the Russians to Berlin. But he hastens to add that no other Allied commander would have been so well suited for the role of winning the war while keeping everyone happy. The ease with which he achieved his and the nation's objectives, however, had made him the indispensable man. Hence his retirement plans were delayed for another 16 years as he served his nation in a variety of offices, culminating in two terms in the Presidency.

ALAN L. MILLER

The Collected Stories of Colette, edited by Robert Phelps (Farrar, 605 pp., \$19.95)

ROBERT PHELPS, who edited an influential anthology of Colette's autobiographical writings called *Earthly Paradise*, is still at it; the latest product of his industry is a collection of one hundred pieces of "short fiction" by Colette. (Colette's "fiction" is very hard to categorize, and Mr. Phelps goes so far as to divide it into four overlapping genres: autobiographical sketches, *chroniques*, "lyrical meditations whose mode is not narrative," and short stories proper.) Thirty-one of these stories appear in English for the first time; 29 are newly translated by various hands. Mr. Phelps's selection is sensible and his introduction—though too short—is astute. Colette has never been properly appreciated in the United States; *The Collected Stories of Colette* is a good way to get acquainted with the uniquely personal style of the author whom Glenway Wescott once called "a kind of female Montaigne."

TERRY TEACHOUT

MANSFIELD

(Continued from page 32)

has no patience with them when they seem to get in the way of justice, and no compunction about multiplying them when they are thought to advance justice. Any old procedure may be altered, any new procedure may be added; all that matters is the result. Thus,

our government becomes ever more intrusive even as it increasingly shirks the task of persuasion.

Those who agree with some, or most, or all of what I have said against affirmative action may still think that something needs to be done, and I believe they are right. In the first place, the case of blacks should be separated from those of all the rest. They are the only ones who were brought to America against their will and then enslaved. True, they were later freed; but still they were held down as second-class citizens. How can they be made into first-class citizens? But is it not evident that this question should be rephrased as, How can they make themselves into first-class citizens? To which the immediate answer must be, Not by affirmative action: not by receiving justice from others so much as by claiming their own places in the name of pride.

Blacks should look more at what they contribute to America, less at what they want from it. Their wants make them dependent and force them to accentuate the negative, so that they humiliate themselves in the very act of demanding their due. They should consider what they have done in America and whether this is worthy of being continued. They should transform their predilections into conscious deliberation, and consider what they can and should do with their lives, given their choices and the range of opportunities America provides.

To claim 11 per cent of every activity on the principle of affirmative action is to say that blacks make no contribution of their own and that America would have lost nothing distinctive if it had sent all its freed slaves back to Africa. But blacks have one sure contribution to make, a valuable addition to their other valuable contributions to our culture. They have been the victims of democratic injustice and have seen freedom from underneath, and in consequence they know what most other Americans can hardly imagine, that democratic majorities can do terrible wrong. This is valuable information for a free people.

In considering what they can do, and want to do, the primary responsibility should be on blacks themselves. The policy I suggest is as far from "benign neglect" as from intrusive interference. It is that blacks should be asked to affirm their own actions.

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JESSE'S HAVING IT BOTH WAYS

NEW YORK, APRIL 11

CANDIDATE Jesse Jackson is exercising much shrewdness in his campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination, which is, of course, nothing of the kind. There is an historical sense in which I know intimately the kind of thing Jesse is up to, because I did it myself once, on a local basis. I ran for mayor of New York City in 1965, against a Democrat (Abraham Beame) and a Republican (John Lindsay). If it were to commit an act of fraud to run for an office you cannot hope to achieve, then by running for mayor of New York I have committed fraud. Jesse Jackson pretends, as do his followers, that he is a serious competitor for the nomination. He isn't. He is competing for the attention of the voters (as I was doing, running under the auspices of the Conservative Party).

What Jackson desires is what, in effect, third-party candidates desire, namely political leverage. There are two ways to attempt to gain that leverage. One is to enter the primaries of a major party; the second is to ride with a third party. Jesse Jackson is going (so far) the first route; I (and others) took the second route. And, of course, there is the temptation to take both routes, one after the other, as Jackson may yet do. George Wallace did that. He ran first as a Democrat. He did not (needless to say) get the nomination of his party, and proceeded to run on a third-party ticket. If a candidate's constituency is substantial (mine was, so was Wallace's, so is Jackson's), the odd man will get approximately 10 per cent of the vote. If it is insubstantial (as Henry Wallace's proved to be), it will sink down under 5 per cent.

Now the big game, in any such venture, is to take maximum advantage of your disadvantages. Jesse's are that he is a black. It is for that reason that he stresses that he is a black. If he were serious about contending for the nomination he would struggle as fiercely to vitiate his blackness as Jack Kennedy struggled to vitiate his Catholicism. Candidate Kennedy on an early public occasion, during the primaries, declined conspicuously to kiss the ring of a

cardinal, at the time something of a binding protocol on Catholics. And, of course, candidate Kennedy went on in Houston, during the campaign there, to assure a Baptist audience that if Kennedy were elected President, no archaeologist in the world of time would ever succeed in tracing any decision by President Kennedy to the utterly incidental fact of Kennedy's Catholicism. The cliché is that in 1960 the American people elected the first Catholic President. It is more accurate to say that in 1960 the American people elected as President someone whose Catholicism had been accepted as a matter of irrelevance.

But see, now, Jesse's problem. He is up there scoring in the primaries, 10, 15, even 25 per cent of the vote. It is certainly true that he is an able polemicist and a charismatic campaigner. But there are a lot of these. Jesse Jackson is no faster on his feet than John Connally, who got nowhere, no wittier than Fritz Hollings, who ditto. Jesse Jackson's backing is traceable unmistakably to the fact of his being black, and to his making his blackness the point (usually unspoken; but not always) of his campaign. By saying, "I am black. Prove your open-mindedness by voting for me," he is appealing not only to the tormented white liberal who feels he needs reaffirmation of his ideological potency. Primarily he is talking to the black voter and saying: I am black, and for that reason you have an obligation to vote for me.

THE ONE absolutely suicidal tactic that John Kennedy might have taken would have been to say out loud that any voter who was also a Catholic should feel the obligation to vote for Kennedy because he was a Catholic. Any such action would instantly have registered to non-Catholics that a sectarian, not a political, issue was at stake.

But Jackson, knowing he cannot be nominated, rationally calculates that he is better off campaigning as a black and sounding tribal tocsins, than he would be taking the opposite tack, which would be: "It is as relevant that I am black as it was that Kennedy was a Catholic. I.e., not relevant at all. Vote for me or not without any reference to race."

Neither Jackson, nor America, is ready for such a candidacy, by a man who happens to be a black; and I think that is a pity. □

ETHICS IN WHAT?

NEW YORK, APRIL 9

THE IDEA of "ethics in government," at its most fundamental, is to prevent people from purchasing positions of power or prestige. Stated even that unprovocatively, it has never been easy to apply. It is illegal for someone running for President to say: "If you contribute \$100,000 to my campaign, I will name you ambassador to Morocco." It is not illegal to encourage a general understanding that those who gave \$100,000 and have a mailing address this side of Sing Sing will have a crack at Morocco (or whatever). Here it is an ambassadorship or a position in Washington. In England you become a baronet, and your lady, a Lady.

Now apropos of Edwin Meese, bear it in mind that the principal criticism of him—his failure to register a \$15,000 loan made to his wife interest-free—is the combination of two events. The first, that he did not list that loan as a "valuable asset"; the second, that the gentleman who made the loan was subsequently appointed a White House aide to Mr. Meese. People genuinely interested in moral architecture would pay some notice to the age of the law that requires the listing of assets. It is all of five years old. I think people should obey even laws that are only five minutes old. But the moral onus of breaking a very recent law that was a part of the post-Watergate striptease is not on the order of, say, bank robbery. And secondly, not even Senator Howard Metzenbaum, as of this writing, has challenged the independent credentials of the free-loan guy, who served the Executive conscientiously and expertly.

But from this and two or three other financial informalities, such as exist among rich people, middle-income people, and poor people, we have cranked up a Plymouth Meeting to burn Mr. Meese. Well, if the rule is really going to be that anyone who failed exactly to complete a comprehensive disclosure form, omitting information of a trivial nature, cannot occupy a position of responsibility in government, then go ahead and say exactly that, and prepare for the kind of government you would probably then get. I worship Mother Teresa. I would not wish her as Secretary of Defense.

What we are getting, however, is worse than the probable exclusion of Edwin Meese as Attorney General. We are getting Walter Mondale et al., and what they are saying. Says Mr. Mondale about the Reagan Administration: He, Mondale, will campaign against its "sleaze factor."

As Mondale was making these fine moral pronouncements, he and Mr. Hart were in New York fighting sleaze. Mr. Hart began by addressing the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations and promising them, to quote Mr. Evan Thomas of *Time* magazine, "that he would never sell arms to Arabs, never criticize Israel in public, and never disturb existing West Bank settlements, which are 'as legal as any others in the world.'" He neglected only to promise to be circumcised, though perhaps that was done already in 1936, if ever it is established whether Gary Hart-pence was alive in 1936.

Walter Mondale, not to be outdone in catering to a Jewish nationalism perfectly understandable, said tortuous things about his support of President Carter's sale of F-15s to the Saudis in 1978. Mondale has yet to answer Gary Hart's charge that he attempted to "intimidate and coerce Israel into taking unacceptable risks that could jeopardize its very existence" when he associated himself with the Camp David Accords—never mind that 80 per cent of Israelis approved of those accords.

Then candidate Hart announced, as we know, that just as Eisenhower would go to Korea if elected, he—Hart—or his representative "would go to Ireland." The explanation for this is as simple as that there are a lot of Irish voters in New York State. It is only left for Hart and Mondale to say something sycophantic about Italians, which is hard to do because it is hard to exaggerate their extraordinary historical accomplishments. But they will find ways to do it. They could always come out against the Fall of Rome and declare themselves against aid to the barbarians.

What rivets is the notion that groveling acts of intellectual servility are not held as disqualifying for one seeking high public office, by contrast with relatively simple financial loans. The present mess in the Middle East at worst could mean a world war. At best it has cost more than Mrs. Meese could consume if she were lent enough money to buy General Motors, Du Pont, and IBM. It is the old business of straining at the gnat while swallowing the camel. So President Hart promises never to criticize Israel in public. No president of Israel—that fearfully self-righteous, self-critical republic—would so demean himself as to promise never to criticize his own country. I wish there were a fund that would simply buy off people like Hart and Mondale. Give them a lot of money, or perhaps a banana republic, make them dukes, whatever: and then make a genuine effort

to restore hygiene to political democracy. But no, our attention will nestle on the \$15,000 interest-free loan.

Actually, at the clinical level, I have here an intellectual breakthrough. As you know, the loan to Mrs. Meese was repaid in 1982 and 1983. During that period, Mr. Meese and company reduced inflation from 13 to 5 per cent. So actually, the loan-maker got 8 per cent interest. I wonder if Howard Metzenbaum can be got to understand that. □

TALES FROM VIENNA

VIENNA, APRIL 4

THE SOCIALIST representative told the audience that it was the ambition of the United States to become the only superpower in the world, to which the republican replied that, really, this was a difficult position to maintain given that the United States was in fact the only superpower between 1945 and 1949, when the Soviet Union entered superpowerdom by exploding its own nuclear bomb. During that brief interval of four years, the United States tried twice (Baruch Plan, Lilienthal Plan) to divest itself of its atom bombs provided that others at work developing such bombs would follow suit.

And anyway, the socialist said, the United States is culturally barbarian and, for instance, is inhospitable to the arts. The republican said that yes, it's true, every now and then an artist slips through Western fingers undetected, and even T. S. Eliot turned down Orwell's *Animal Farm* as unfit for publication, but, then, why had Vienna waited 43 years before performing Schubert's Unfinished Symphony? Speaking of whom, Schubert thought it a lucky day when he was paid 18 schillings for a couple of lieder. Beethoven was one of the biggest things in town, and he agreed to write his Ninth Symphony for £60 for a music society in London.

Well, said the socialist, that, after all, was simply the money standards of the day. Ah, but the republican had that morning gone through the Schönbrunn Palace and had visited the so-called Million Gulden Room. So-called because the empress who ordered the room decorated with Indo-Persian miniatures in richly ornamented gilt frames paid one million gulden for it. That empress was still alive when Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was averaging four hundred gulden per year in total income, and servants were being paid twenty gulden per year.

Not that life was uniformly pleasant for those who disposed of million-gulden room allowances. One of the empress's daughters, aged five, applauded most vigorously young

Mozart, aged six, after one of his performances, and Mozart, overwhelmed as so often he would be in later years by feminine charm, there and then proposed to the little Marie Antoinette, who thirty-odd years afterward would be guillotined at what was later named the Place de la Concorde. A couple of generations down the line, when Liszt and Wagner and Brahms and Bruckner were fighting it out for pre-eminence largely in Vienna, a monarch reigned for more than sixty years. He had a great deal going for him in treasures and such. On the other hand, they executed his brother Maximilian in Mexico, they murdered his wife in Switzerland, his son committed suicide in a love tryst at Mayerling, and they shot his nephew in Sarajevo, in retaliation for which the nations of Europe went to war and killed 15 million people. And on top of that, the emperor didn't have a single indoor toilet in any of his castles.

Four hundred gulden would not buy you five seconds of Michael Jackson's time, perhaps only five minutes of Mick Jagger's. In ten weeks, Mozart wrote his symphonies Nos. 39, 40, and 41, more wonderful than one thousand Million Gulden Rooms, and at four hundred gulden per year, that comes out to only eighty-gulden worth of Mozart's time, not bad. So where are we going?

THE SOCIALIST said that the republican had called him a fool; the republican said that he had not used that word, that perhaps the translation given in German of the word he had used in English ("foolish") came out rumpled. He reminded the socialist that the difference between the right word and almost the right word, Mark Twain pointed out, is the difference between lightning and lightning-bug.

And anyway, the republican said (rather obliquely, not wanting to take too explicit a God Save America line), wasn't it true that the neutrality of Austria to a great extent, like maybe entirely, depends on the superpowerish of the United States? If Vienna had twice been occupied by Napoleon, didn't it have more to fear from the Big Bear, which in very recent memory had mutilated the northern neighbor, Czechoslovakia, and the eastern neighbor, Hungary, both of which once belonged to the people who gave us the Million Gulden Room? The point being that crazy old America is really rather openhanded toward its artists and super-openhanded toward its pseudo-artists, and really is a jolly old thing, not wanting superpowerish all alone, no sirree, but not about to give up as much superpowerish as is necessary to keep the Big Bear away not only from Key West, but also from Vienna, where so much genius has flowered, even if, every now and then, unrecognized, and, almost always, underpaid. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

EDGAR A. GUEST:

Bifocal Trouble

Bifocal troubles curious are:
The far seems near, the near seems far;
You step from heights that ne'er exist,
And jostle folks you should have missed.
Until man grows bifocal-wise
He finds he can't believe his eyes.

TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

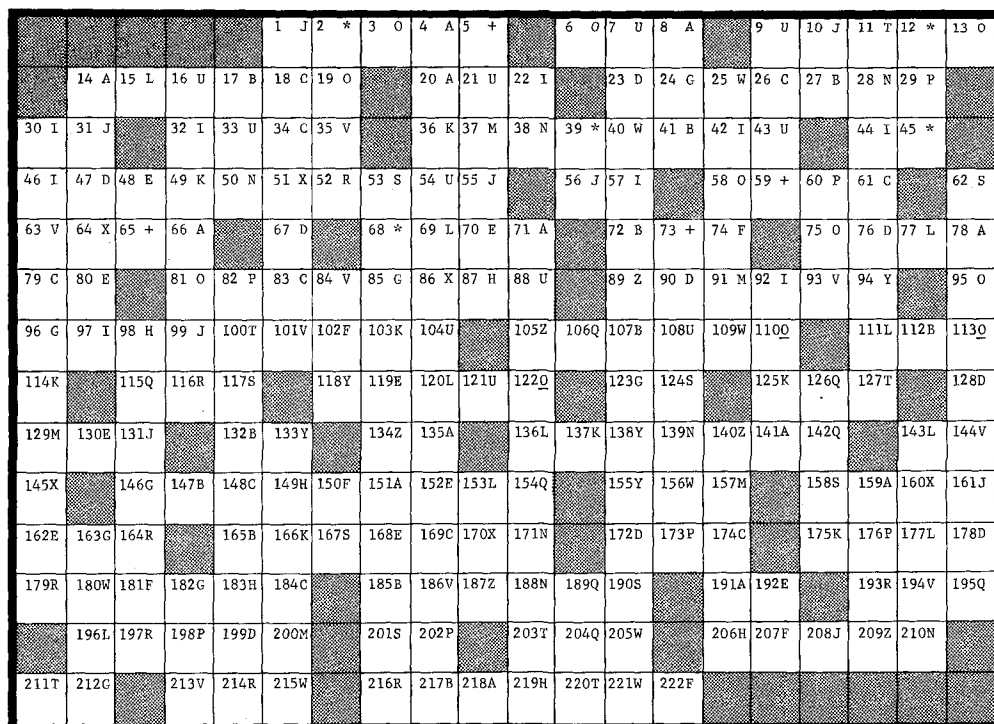
DEFINITIONS

A. A cosmetic aid (2 words)	14 66 71 78 151 191 20 218 8 135 141 159 4	N. To express definite approval of	139 188 171 38 50 210 28
B. Area drained by a Central European river with seven names (2 words)	27 72 41 132 147 165 185 217 107 17 112	O. The state of being frugal	6 75 81 95 110 113 3 13 19 58 122
C. A short but important thoroughfare in Manhattan (2 words)	61 26 79 83 148 169 18 34 174 184	P. Esteemed	173 60 202 198 176 82 29
D. What Martin Luther was before he defied the Pope	67 178 128 76 199 172 23 47 90	Q. Canines	189 154 126 106 142 195 115 204
E. Where a certain cereal is grown (2 words)	70 119 168 80 192 152 130 162 48	R. Pertaining to certain types of poetry	197 116 164 193 214 179 52 216
F. A port on Lake Superior, Minnesota	74 150 222 207 102 181	S. A criminal	201 124 158 117 53 62 167 190
G. A type of flag	85 123 96 212 182 163 146 24	T. Meat from sheep	11 100 203 220 211 127
H. Pertaining to a sardonic literary style	98 206 87 183 219 149	U. Caught on	21 16 33 9 43 7 54 88 104 108 121
I. An organization founded by Lord Baden-Powell (2 words)	30 32 57 97 42 44 46 92 22	V. Hawthorne's first name	35 101 213 194 186 144 84 63 93
J. An expression referring to obesity (2 words)	56 161 31 1 208 99 55 10 131	W. An item of office stationery	40 156 25 205 109 221 180 215
K. More than forty hours per week	114 36 49 166 175 137 125 103	X. A type of oath	51 86 160 64 170 145
L. Pertaining to coin collecting	120 69 77 111 136 15 143 153 177 196	Y. Flourishing	133 155 138 118 94
M. Outer layers	129 37 91 157 200	Z. Part of a billiard game	134 140 187 105 209 89
		* Nader's first name	45 12 39 68 2
		+ A dashing anagram for LANE	5 59 65 73

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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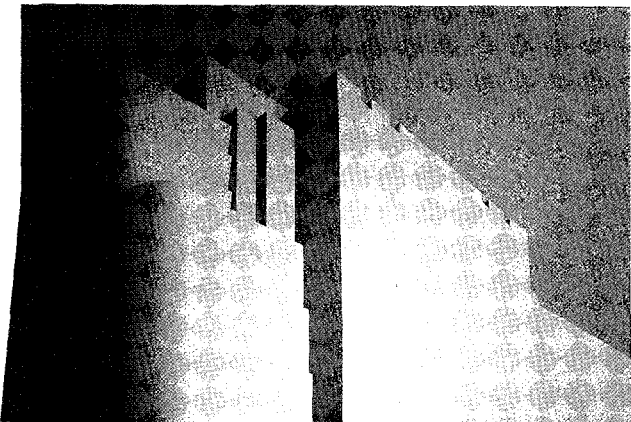


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